

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,039



THE

# GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



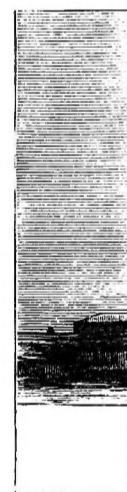
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1889

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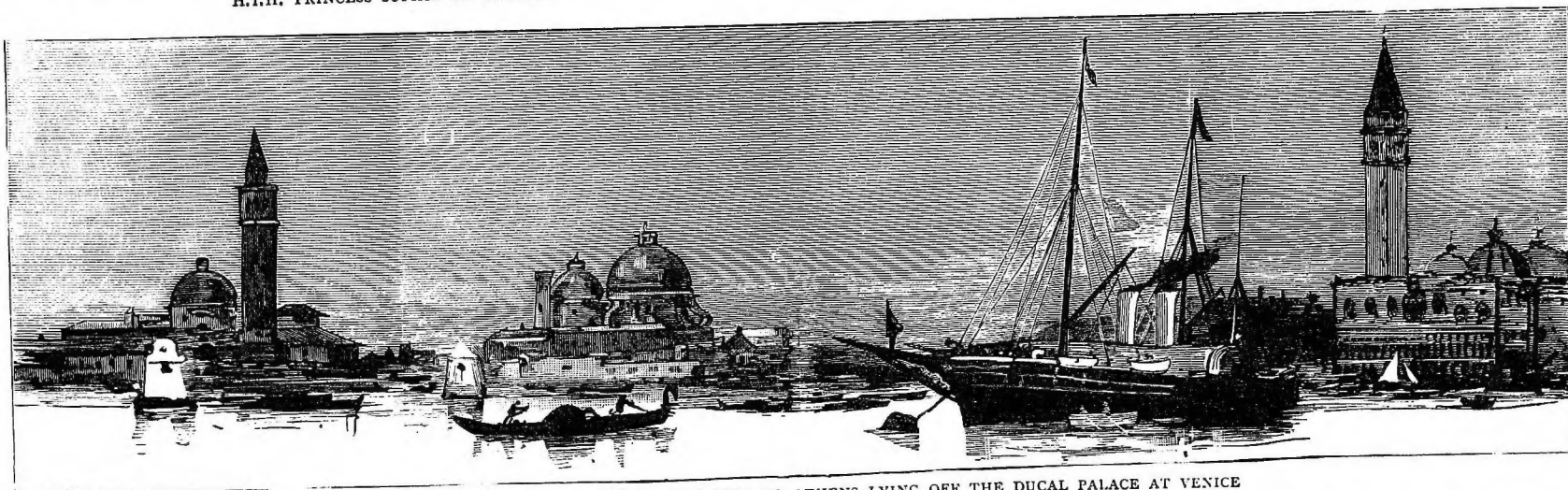
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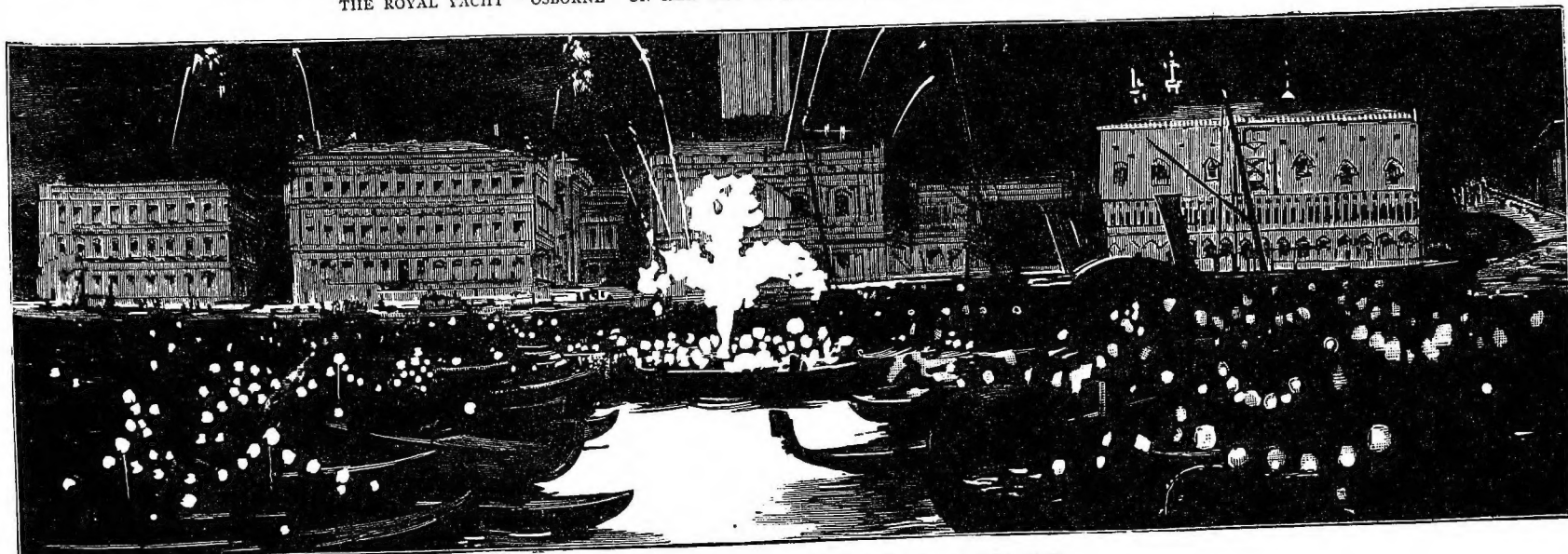
H.I.H. PRINCESS SOPHIE OF PRUSSIA



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA



THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE" ON HER WAY TO ATHENS LYING OFF THE DUCAL PALACE AT VENICE



VENICE ILLUMINATED IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE GREEK ROYAL WEDDING AT ATHENS

## Topics of the Week

**KAISER WILHELM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.**—The proposed visit of the German Emperor to Constantinople has caused a flutter in what are called diplomatic circles. No doubt the motive of the visit is to be found partly in the Emperor's desire for a pleasant holiday. He delights in travel, and there is much to interest him in the beautiful city around which are clustered so many great historical associations. At the same time, he would probably not have thought of going to Constantinople if he had not hoped to combine business with amusement. Prince Bismarck has sometimes affected to believe that Germany is not particularly concerned in the political destiny of the Balkan States. No one, however, supposes that the words he has used to this effect are to be taken quite seriously. The question whether the Balkan States are to be independent, or whether they are to be absorbed by the Russian Empire, is one which touches some of the most vital of German interests; and the fact would soon be made sufficiently plain if Russia took any important step towards the fulfilment of what are supposed to be her designs in that region. It may be regarded, therefore, as almost certain that in his interviews with the Sultan the German Emperor will have a good deal to say as to the means by which Russia may most effectually be kept away from the Bosphorus. It is to be hoped he will not forget to remind the Sultan that the final solution of the problem will, to a considerable extent, depend on the manner in which the Ottoman territories are governed. Russia might, perhaps, be prevented from seizing Constantinople, even if the Turks declined to accept the conditions of modern civilisation; but in some way or other the Ottoman Empire will undoubtedly fall to pieces if its rulers fail to strengthen its foundations by the establishment of just institutions. The best thing the Kaiser can do for Abdul Hamid is to warn him that whether he associates himself with the Triple Alliance or not, he must rule his subjects wisely.

**SHIPPING BOUNTIES.**—The English shipping industry appears to have a stronger backbone than our once flourishing sugar manufactures. After a not very long struggle, the latter succumbed to the foreign bounty system, whereas the former appears to thrive all the better when that exasperating stimulant is applied. France has certainly not profited by her experiment in subsidising shipbuilding. Our Consul at Bordeaux reports that no mercantile vessels are now being built there, while of ships frequenting the port, very nearly one half sail under the British flag. It may be contended that this failure is consequent upon the State being too niggardly in estimating the amount of bounty required to give French builders a "pull" over their English rivals. Yet the subsidies look substantial enough, and it may be doubted whether French taxpayers would care to disburse more money. The truth is that England stands at an enormous advantage in ship-building compared with other countries. It is not only that she possesses the raw materials of the finest qualities in inexhaustible quantities, nor that she has a great superiority in skill and capital. These are great advantages, but a greater still is the splendid market for such goods which our ocean-borne traffic ensures. The Continental builder finds himself "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" by slackness and fitfulness of demand. Now and again he gets a job, but he can never depend upon keeping his plant fully employed. The consequence is that, as a rule, he does things in a small, whereas his British competitor does them in a large way, and so produces at a cheaper rate. Bounties, unless of excessive amount, could never produce equality in that connection, and our builders can safely disregard that bogey so long as it takes no worse form than it wears across the Channel.

**THE GWEEDORE TRIALS.**—Although the place where the trials are being held is a long way from the scene of the outrage which cost Inspector Martin his life, yet such is the terrorism prevailing in Ireland, and the intimidation, secret or open, to which jurymen are subject, that we feel some surprise—we may plainly say pleasurable surprise—when we learn that the first of the prisoners put on his trial has been found guilty. Not of murder, however, be it observed. But the jury need not be blamed for their verdict of manslaughter. Where a man meets his death at the hands of a riotous mob, and no witness can swear to any individual who struck the fatal blow, although all the aggressors may be technically murderers, even an English jury would be content to convict them of the lesser crime. That Coll deserved the verdict he got cannot be doubted, for he was proved to be one of the stone-throwers. Altogether, this is a very lamentable case. The life of an admirable officer was sacrificed to official blundering. To arrest the favourite priest of an excitable Irish congregation, who regarded him as the special mouthpiece of their grievances, was a ticklish job, and should have been performed quietly and dexterously. Instead of this, it was done in the most provocative manner, and with an inadequate force of constables. Of course this does not excuse the crime, which was exceptionally savage and ferocious; nor

does it excuse the English adherents of Parnellism, who have done their best to obstruct the course of justice, totally ignoring the fact that only a few years ago their lord and master—Gladstone—who now poses as the Irish patriot *par excellence*, held in bondage hundreds of men charged with the same offence as Father M'Fadden, upon the mere fiat of a magistrate.

**MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S "RANCOROUS PERSONALITIES."**—In a temperate and well-reasoned letter in the *Times* the other day, Mr. Atherley-Jones complained that "the lucid continuity of Mr. Chamberlain's arguments is frequently blurred by rancorous personalities." There is too much truth in this rebuke, and all who take any interest in Mr. Chamberlain's career must hope that he will begin to ask himself seriously whether he does not injure his cause by so often allowing temper to get the better of his judgment. It is not surprising that he resents the treatment he receives from many of his old political friends. He is continually denounced as a traitor, whereas it is evident that from the beginning of the Home Rule controversy he has acted as a thoroughly honest statesman, preferring to make heavy sacrifices rather than be untrue to his convictions. The fact that he is himself abused does not, however, justify him in bringing violent accusations against his opponents. What could have been more utterly foolish than the charge that if Pitt had used corruption to effect the Union, Mr. Gladstone had used precisely the same means to destroy it? It was impossible that this could be directly known to Mr. Chamberlain, and a moment's reflection ought to have shown him that without irresistible evidence so monstrous a statement would not be believed. This wild way of talking is the more to be regretted because, as Mr. Atherley-Jones says, it prevents people from doing justice to those parts of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches which are worthy of close study. Of all the Unionist speakers he is incomparably the most effective; and from the majority of them he differs in holding opinions which are in some respects not very remote from those of moderate Home Rulers. His power in the country, great as it is, would be ten times greater if he would confine himself strictly to argument, and leave the use of "rancorous personalities" to those who have at their disposal no better weapons.

**MR. ATHERLEY-JONES'S POSITION.**—It is something gained to get a temperate, thoughtful, and apparently sincere effusion on the eternal Home Rule question from a politician of mark. A robust Gladstonite, Mr. Atherley-Jones candidly recognises that the time has come for a really frank utterance from his chief, as well as from the other side. He considers that Mr. Gladstone should satisfy public curiosity on the question which puzzles Professor Freeman and a good many other people. Does the new Home Rule scheme continue or discontinue Irish representation at Westminster? Sir William Harcourt finds this query so inconvenient that he dismisses it without reply as "a conundrum." But Mr. Gladstone very recently used language which seemed to mean that he now thinks Ireland should enjoy representation both at Dublin and Westminster. If that be his idea, its divulgence would meet one of the gravest objections to the scheme of 1886—that by depriving Ireland of any voice in Imperial affairs she would be irresistibly impelled towards separation. Mr. Atherley-Jones strongly objects to doing anything which would involve the necessity of creating domestic Parliaments for the three kingdoms. The Heptarchical idea has no charms for his mind: he perceives that such a miserable putting back of the hands of the clock would weaken the United Kingdom immeasurably. Of course Unionists will urge that the very same arguments which are advanced on behalf of Irish Home Rule would hold equal weight for Scotch or Welsh Home Rule. That, no doubt, points out a real danger, as does their other contention, that if Ireland were given a Parliament of her own all its efforts would be concentrated on securing complete independence. But, as Mr. Atherley-Jones justly observes, Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of provincial governing councils lies open to precisely the same objection. They, too, could be—and, in the present mood of the Irish people would be—turned to Separatist purposes.

**THE COUNTY COUNCIL AND PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.**—It may be taken for granted that all those persons who honestly desire that the amusements provided for the people should be as pure and elevating as possible have approved of the recent decisions of the London County Council. The music-hall managers have received a salutary warning; they have been plainly shown that for the future they hold their licences on the condition of good behaviour; and they have learnt also that the little finger of the County Council is thicker than the loins of the Middlesex magistrates. The reason for this difference is of course that the former body are, while the latter are not, directly responsible to the rate-payers. A good deal of abuse has been showered by silly or interested persons upon Mr. McDougall, but in reality he deserves the highest praise. Instead of being content, as most of us are in such cases, to accept what other people told him, he went to see with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. The sum of the evidence adduced before the County Council Committee seems to show that the staple entertainment provided at the music halls is rather vulgar, rarely if ever broadly immoral, but occasionally "suggestive." Against this "suggestiveness" the Council

are quite right to contend, and the only effectual way to reach the elastic consciences of music-hall proprietors—who, naturally enough, are more interested in filling their establishments than in questions of morality—is to put their licences in jeopardy. As for the vulgarity of the entertainments usually provided, there can be no doubt that the majority of the music-hall-frequenting public love to have it so, and the presence of the pipe and pot tends to make people content with a very unintellectual performance. But some improvement in this direction might be effected by the abolition of the theatre monopoly, by placing all places of entertainment under the same control, and by substituting for the Lord Chamberlain and the Examiner of Plays officials who would be genuine representatives of the public needs.

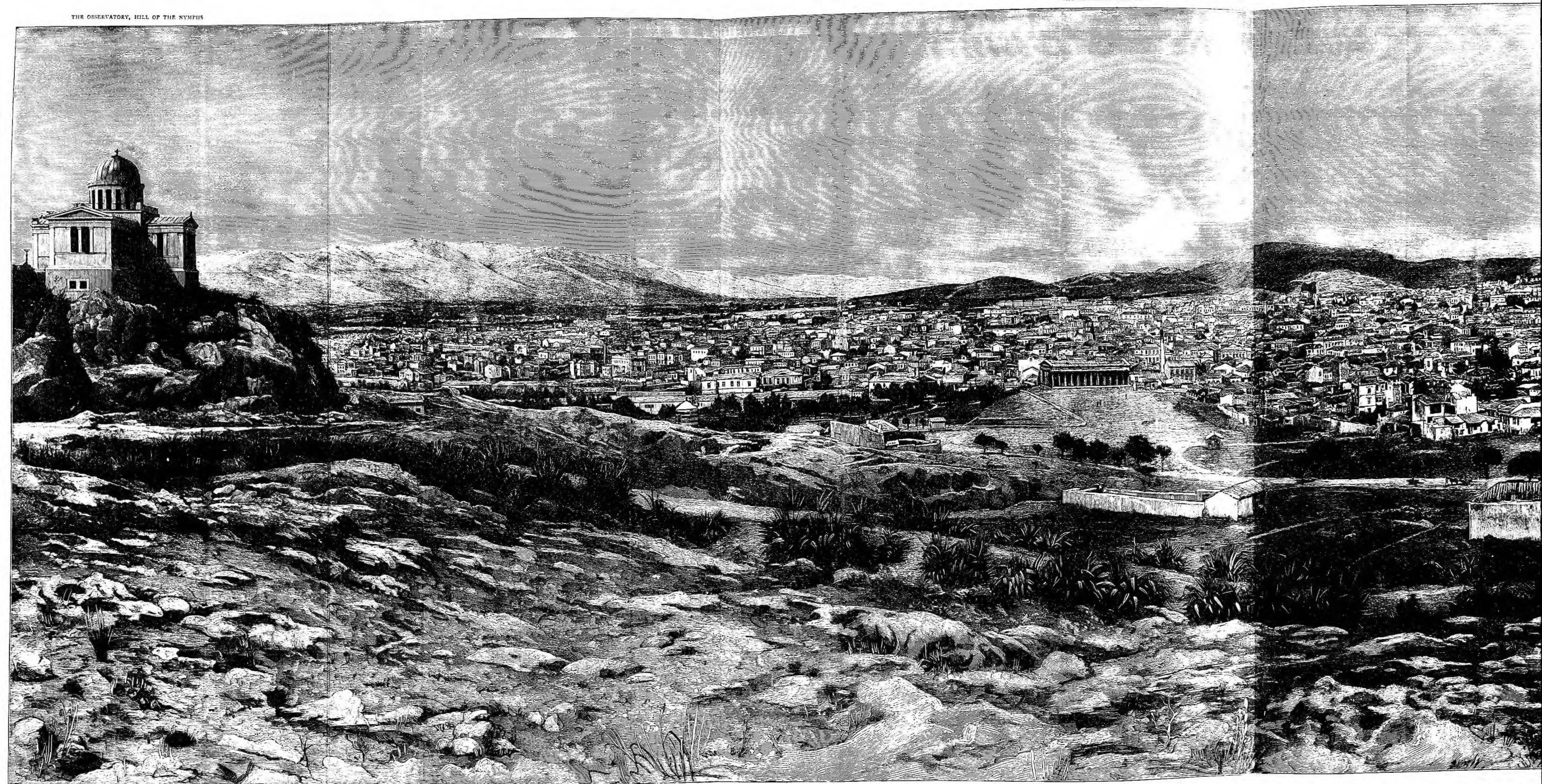
**PORTUGAL.**—The Portuguese are sincerely mourning the death of King Luis I., who, although not a brilliant Sovereign, had the great merit of being always in favour of measures that tended to promote peace and liberty. At one moment in his career he had an opportunity of making himself as conspicuous as any man in Europe. This was when General Prim desired to unite Spain and Portugal under the House of Braganza. The offer of the Spanish Crown was in some respects tempting, but King Luis was prudent enough to decline it. For this he deserved, and received, the cordial thanks of his subjects, for the Portuguese are bitterly jealous of the Spaniards, and it is certain that the union of the two peoples under one Monarch would have led to most perilous misunderstandings. The new King will have done well if at the end of his reign Portugal has as kindly a feeling about him as she has about his father. It seems probable that the questions which will be most interesting to the country in the time of King Carlos will be those relating to the Portuguese colonies. At the dawn of the colonial expansion of Europe Portugal played a splendid part in the work of exploration and in the settlement of new lands. Her gallant sailors and enterprising traders made her name famous all over the world, and among great commercial centres Lisbon held a place not unlike that which London holds in our own day. The Portuguese can never forget that magnificent age, and long for a chance of bringing back some of its glories. They will have to be content with a position very inferior to that which they occasionally dream of attaining, but there is no reason why they should not have an honourable share in the development of the resources of Africa. They have already as much African territory as they can hope to look after effectually, and in order to do justice to it they have only to act with energy, and to cultivate good relations with their neighbours, especially with the greatest of them, their old and formerly trusted ally, England.

**RAILWAY PROSPERITY.**—The report of Messrs. Giffen and Boyle on the working of British and Irish railways in 1888 affords many proofs of augmented prosperity. More traffic was carried, higher dividends were earned, and the public enjoyed a better service on the whole. No doubt, these gratifying statistics will pale by the side of those of the present year, when traffic receipts have been advancing by leaps and bounds. Still, they are decidedly good, perhaps the pleasantest feature being the proof again afforded that the working-classes spend more and more money in holiday trips. Third class fares actually yielded more than 70 per cent. of the gross receipts from passengers last year, having increased considerably, while those of the other two classes diminished. There are some railway companies which, perhaps, might derive advantage from studying the portion of the report which deals with this interesting subject. They could scarcely fail to deduce the conclusion that it is a very paying policy to study the tastes and consult the convenience of the masses. The Northern lines, which are not the least enlightened in the kingdom, make a point of doing so, and the result is seen in their securing a very much larger amount of third-class traffic than the so-called "holiday lines" get. We are inclined to suspect, too, that the adoption of a similar policy in connection with goods traffic would prove a remunerative venture. Railway managers are, as a rule, as clear-headed as astute in building up profits and dividends. Sometimes, however, they appear a little too partial to ancient ways of doing things. Innovations involve both risk and trouble; why, then, go off the beaten track, and run the chance of stormy meetings, instead of unanimous votes of thanks?

**MORE POSTAL REFORMS.**—Those of us who can recollect what that department of the Government service was like in the pre-Rowland Hill days, and have ever since admired it for its energy and its desire to keep abreast with public requirements, may wonder that further reforms are still demanded. We are not now referring to Mr. Henniker Heaton's claims, which are principally concerned with the reduction of the rate of postage between the Mother-Country and the Colonies, and which will, doubtless, be conceded when it can be conclusively shown that the Treasury (that is, the public pocket) will suffer no loss thereby. The changes now proposed are of a smaller character. First, an international postage stamp is asked for. This would really be a boon. Persons addressing others in foreign countries would like to be able to prepay the postage of the letter they expect to get in return, in order to ensure a reply. This, at

THE OBSERVATORY, HILL OF THE NYMPHS

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS



## THE ROYAL GREEK WEDDING—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF

If we may be permitted the expression, Athens is very like Rome, only more so. In each case we have a city of immense antiquity, built upon a number of hills, and formerly the seat of a great and powerful empire. In each case the city for a long period sank into decay, and in each case a portion of its former glories has survived, and it has become the capital of a new, albeit less important, dominion. But Athens is "more so" in several ways. In the first place it is older than Rome. Eight hundred years before Rome was founded, a city called Cecropia stood upon the site

where Athens now stands. And, in the second place, it has even more of the classical flavour about it than its Italian rival. Rome is practically three cities—ancient or classical Rome, mediæval and ecclesiastical Rome, and modern Rome. Athens is but two—ancient and modern—for the Turkish occupation has left only a comparatively slight impress upon its architecture. In one other respect, moreover, the two cities are alike, and yet different. The inhabitants of neither take much interest in their wealth of classical memories, but it must be confessed that the modern Greek

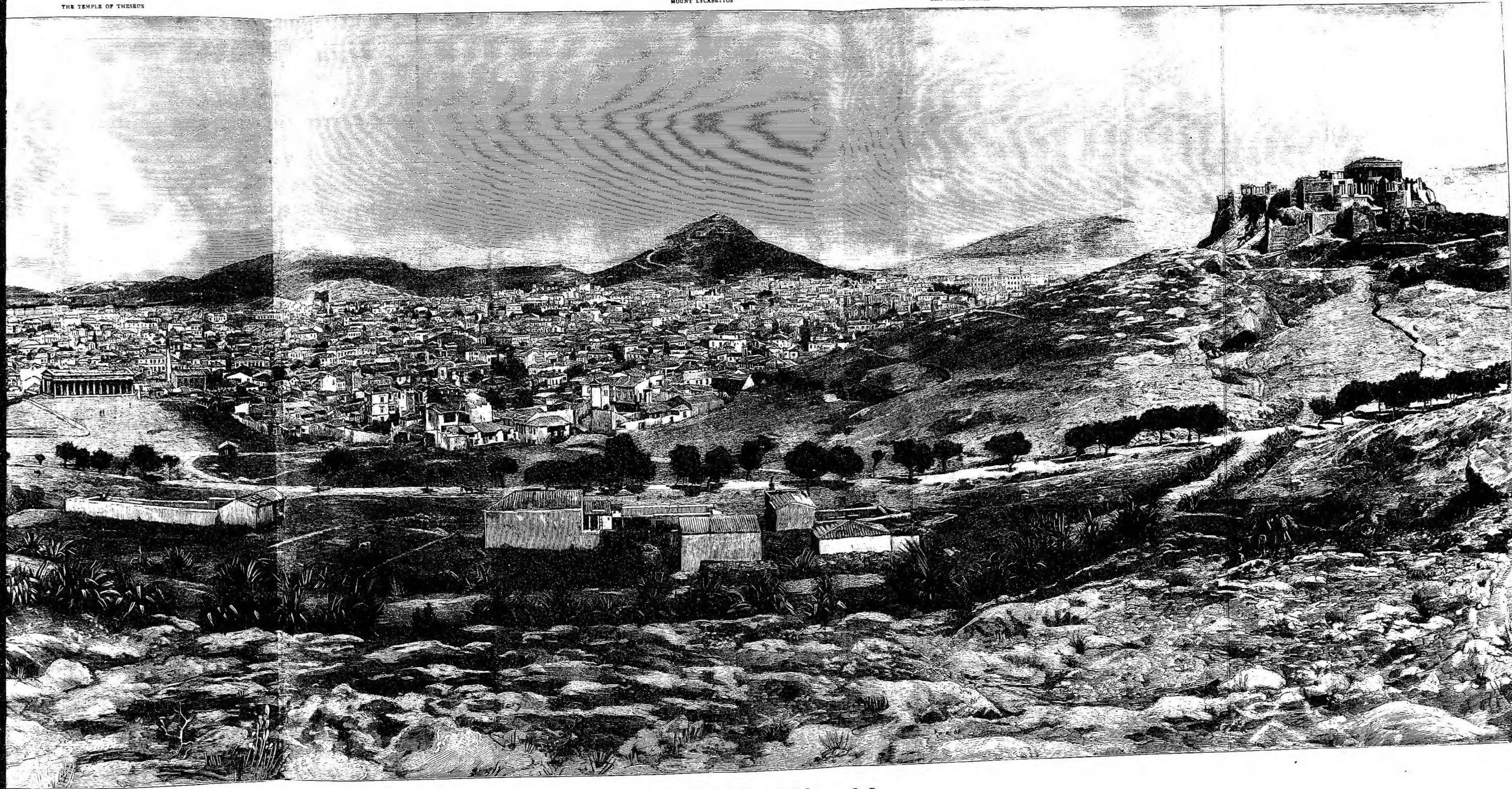
is even more careless in this respect than the modern Italian. It is true he calls his brand-new thoroughfares by sounding classical names. Solon Street and Euripides Street take us back in thought to the days of a former Greek independence; but, behind them, as a recent writer tells, are to be found slums which are remarkably like Leather Lane, or a Whitechapel alley. It is left for pilgrims from other parts of the world to pay their vows at the shrine of Greek Art on the Acropolis. "There is no café on this sacred rock, and no wine shop," and the Athenians themselves, and

even the countrymen who come to gaze in wonder at the Royal Palace, which, like other Royal Palaces nearer home, is as ugly as it is enormous, "content themselves with looking up at it from the unsavoury streets which run into its rocky base on the northern side, and which cast their foul tribute of egg-shells and cabbage-stalks on to its venerable flanks." The traveller, however, who comes to Athens for the first time, will be wise if he does not immediately visit the Acropolis. First, he should climb the rocky peak of Mount Lycabettos (919 feet high), from which he

will obtain an admirable bird's-eye view of the plain upon which Athens is built, of its two rivers—the Cephissus and Ilissus—of which, however, in summer-time are nearly dried up, and of its other four hills, the Areopagus, of Apollonic fame, the Pnyx, the Museum, and the Acropolis. But he will soon tire of looking at the rectangular streets of which modern Athens, following the example of its twenty-three namesakes in the United States, is built, and will make his way to the Acropolis itself. Upon that square craggy rock, which rises abruptly about 150 feet, and has a

flat summit about 1,000 feet long from east to west, and half that distance from north to south, are crowded a dozen masterpieces of Greek architecture. First and foremost, of course, the Parthenon commands attention. This temple, which has been called "the finest edifice on the finest site in the world, hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart," was begun about 454 B.C., and dedicated to the goddess Athena, the tutelary deity of the city, some sixteen years later. It formerly consisted of forty-six columns, of which thirty-two are still standing, and

enable the visitor to form a fair idea of the former splendour of the city. The Propylæa, which formed the entrance to the Acropolis, and connected it with the city, is also still standing, and connected with the Propylæa is the Erechtheion, a temple of Poseidon and Athena, which space fails us to describe.



## WEDDING—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF ATHENS IN 1889

The Royal Palace, as seen from the northern city, who, for the rocky which he

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enable the visitor to form some idea of its original perfection of form. But most of the sculptures with which it was formerly adorned have given way before the stress of warfare and weather. The Propylæa, which formerly covered nearly the whole of the western end of the Acropolis, was built of white marble, and formed the entrance to the Parthenon. Close to it rise the ruins of the Erechtheum, the most venerated of all Athenian sanctuaries, and connected with the oldest religious history of the city. But space fails us to tell of all the wonders of this marvellous table-

land. Mention must be made, however, of the Theatre of Dionysus, which is to Athens what the Coliseum is to Rome. Curiously enough, although its site was well known it was not until 1682 that this interesting building was discovered. Even then it was to the Greeks themselves, that the discovery was due. The Prussian Archaeological Institute sent a mission of some of its most distinguished members, who caused the immense accumulation of soil which had buried the theatre to be removed, and restored to the light of day a monument which, besides being in

itself a beautiful specimen of ancient architecture, has been immensely useful to all students of the Greek drama. Of the other buildings prominently shown in our panorama not much need be said. The Temple of Theseus stands on a spur of the Areopagus, and was built to contain the bones of the hero whom the ancient Athenians delighted to honour. Like nearly all the buildings we have mentioned, it was constructed of Pentelic marble. The Observatory on the Hill of the Nymphs is quite a modern building. It was built by Baron Sina of Vienna, and, though only enjoying a humble

subsidy from the Government of 500*l.* a year, has obtained some celebrity owing to the researches of its eminent German director Dr. Julius Schmidt. The Royal Palace, built in 1838, is, as we have said, a large but ugly building. It is upon this, however, that the eyes of all loyal Greeks are turned to-day, and rightly; for to-day their future King, the Duke of Sparta, takes to wife the Princess Sophie of Prussia. Englishmen also are doubly interested in the match, for the bridegroom is the nephew of the Princess of Wales, and the bride is the daughter of the Princess Royal.

present, they can only do by procuring, at some inconvenience, the postage stamps of the country in question. Secondly, the book-post, the sample-post, and the parcels-post, although under the same management, seem to be all competing together. A simplification would probably make them more profitable. And as for the sample-post, it costs 1s. 9d. in this country to send a sample, which in Switzerland travels for 2d. Lastly, it is suggested that, as in America, the Post Office should undertake the collection of money from the public in exchange for parcels sent by tradesmen. This is known as the C. O. D., or cash on delivery system, and has already been adopted by the parcel delivery companies. But what an overworked creature the postman is gradually becoming, with such a heap of responsibilities (to say nothing of parcel-post packages) heaped on his shoulders! Before long it will be suggested that, in the intervals between his rounds, he shall come in to make our beds, cook our dinners, conduct our private correspondence, and instruct our children.

**SWAZILAND.**—It is said that the British Government have practically decided to hand over Swaziland to the Boers. If this is true, the sooner they reconsider their decision the better. That some civilised form of administration must be set up in Swaziland is certain. There are now a good many white settlers in the country, and the haphazard methods of government which have been in use for some time must be displaced by a properly regulated system. But the work can very well be done without the Boers being called in to do it. The British South African Company is about to take possession of the great region which lies between the Transvaal and the Zambesi; and it is understood that Lord Knutsford thinks the Boers should receive some compensation for this extension of English influence. Why should they be compensated for the execution of a policy by which, if they choose to take advantage of opportunities provided for them, they will largely benefit? If they get Swaziland, they will very soon insist on reaching the sea by the annexation of Amatongaland; and that means that they will do everything in their power to secure supremacy in South Africa, and to hinder the development of British industry and trade. The Boers have their own ideas as to the right way of dealing with natives; and the black population of Swaziland and Amatongaland, if placed under their rule, will have bitter reason to regret the day when the change is made. Both countries ought to be under English protection. That would be best for the natives, for our colonists, and for the Empire; and there would be no just ground for any discontent which the arrangement might excite in the Transvaal.

**THE PEOPLE'S PALACE AND SUNDAY OPENING.**—If one could only make sure that all who signed the memorial against opening the People's Palace on Sunday were spontaneously moved to do so by religious feeling, the protest would carry much weight. Unhappily, it is so easy to get up popular petitions, either against or for any mortal thing, that some scepticism on that head is unavoidable. What is the real opinion of the working population at the East End? They certainly do not show any reluctance to make use of the Palace on Sunday, while, according to all accounts, their conduct is well nigh irreproachable. All the same, it is possible that the general feeling is against the innovation, not on the religious ground, but simply because the English workman instinctively perceives that every fresh addition to Sunday labour tends in the direction of abolishing his day of rest. If museums, public libraries, and picture galleries could be served by automata, the Trades Union Congress would have long ago pronounced for their being thrown open on the one day in the week when the working classes are at leisure to make use of them. Our sons of toil entertain no manner of objection to recreation, *per se*, on Sunday; quite the contrary—they cannot have too much of it. But they eye askance every new project which involves additional work for their class lest it should prove the thin end of the wedge for the introduction of seven working days in the week. It was, we fancy, this feeling of apprehension which caused such a large number of East End toilers to sign the memorial. Whatever the motive, however, this remarkable protest signifies pretty plainly that there still is a conflict of opinion among the working population on the question of opening public institutions on Sunday, even when of such an innocuous sort as the People's Palace.

**SEA FOGS.**—The Maritime Conference now sitting at New York seems to be a more practical assembly than some of the many similar gatherings which have taken place this year. On Tuesday last they discussed fogs at sea, and during the debate some remarkable opinions were delivered. Most landmen, and, we fancy, also a good many seamen, if asked what the master of a vessel ought to do when a fog comes on, would answer that he should either anchor or go as slowly as possible. But the German delegates at the Congress took just the opposite view. They advocated that in fog vessels should be instructed to go at full speed, and that, if a collision was imminent, a captain could get his vessel out of the way more certainly at high speed than at low. The Americans and the English are usually supposed to be more go-ahead nations than the Germans; and,

therefore, it is curious to find the American and the English delegates, represented respectively by Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Hall, recommending that the safest rule—which is, we believe, the existing rule—is to go as slowly as is consistent with maintaining steerage way. That apparently a large body of German mercantile marine officers hold the opposite opinion is certainly a disquieting circumstance, when we think of the foggy weather now coming on, and the crowded condition of our chief maritime thoroughfares.

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NOTICE.—With this number is issued, as an EXTRA QUADRUPLE SUPPLEMENT, a PANORAMIC VIEW OF ATHENS IN 1889.



## THE ROYAL GREEK WEDDING

A FEW details concerning recent Greek history may fitly precede our biographical sketch of the hero and heroine of to-morrow's (Sunday) celebration at Athens. After the Battle of Navarino (1827), Count Capo d'Istria became President of the Greek State, and in the following year the Turks were forced to evacuate the country. In 1830 a Protocol of the Allied Powers declared the independence of Greece; and, as a monarchical form of Government was decided upon, search was made for a suitable occupant of the throne. The Royal office was declined by Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, but was accepted by Otho, a young Bavarian Prince, who was accordingly proclaimed King in 1832. Otho was never very popular with his subjects; he was accused of giving an undue preference to Germans in the Government (which, after all, was not unnatural); the people on several occasions revolted against his authority; and in 1862 he was compelled to abdicate. The vacant throne was successively offered to our Prince Alfred (now Duke of Edinburgh), who declined it; and to Prince William George of Denmark, who accepted it, and was, on March 30th, 1863, proclaimed King George I. He has been more prudent and more fortunate than his predecessor, and his adopted country has enjoyed peace and prosperity under his rule. This tranquillity, however, has been due not so much to the self-control of the Greeks as to the exertions of England and other disinterested Powers, who on several occasions have with no small difficulty prevented Greece from declaring war against Turkey, with the ultimate object of obtaining what she deems her proper share of the "sick man's" inheritance.

King George I. of Greece, who is the son of the King of Denmark, and brother of our Princess of Wales, was born December 24th, 1845, and in 1867 married the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, who was born September 3rd, 1851. The Royal couple have seven children, five sons and two daughters; and the eldest of the sons, Constantine, Duke of Sparta, the bridegroom of to-morrow's function, was born at Athens August 2nd (New Style), 1868. His bride, the Princess Sophie Dorothy Ulrica Alice, was born at Potsdam June 14th, 1870, and is the fifth of the six children borne by the Empress Frederick (our Princess Royal) to the lamented Emperor who died last year after such a brief and melancholy reign. Of these six children, only two are sons, the elder being the present Emperor of Germany. It will thus appear that although Greece is a small, and, in itself, a not very important country, it is dynastically connected with three powerful empires—namely, those of Great Britain, Russia, and Germany.—Our portraits are from photographs, as follows:—The Princess Sophie by W. Höffert, Leipziger Platz 12, Berlin; the Crown Prince by D. Martimianakis, 80, Rue d'Hermès, Athens.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN VENICE

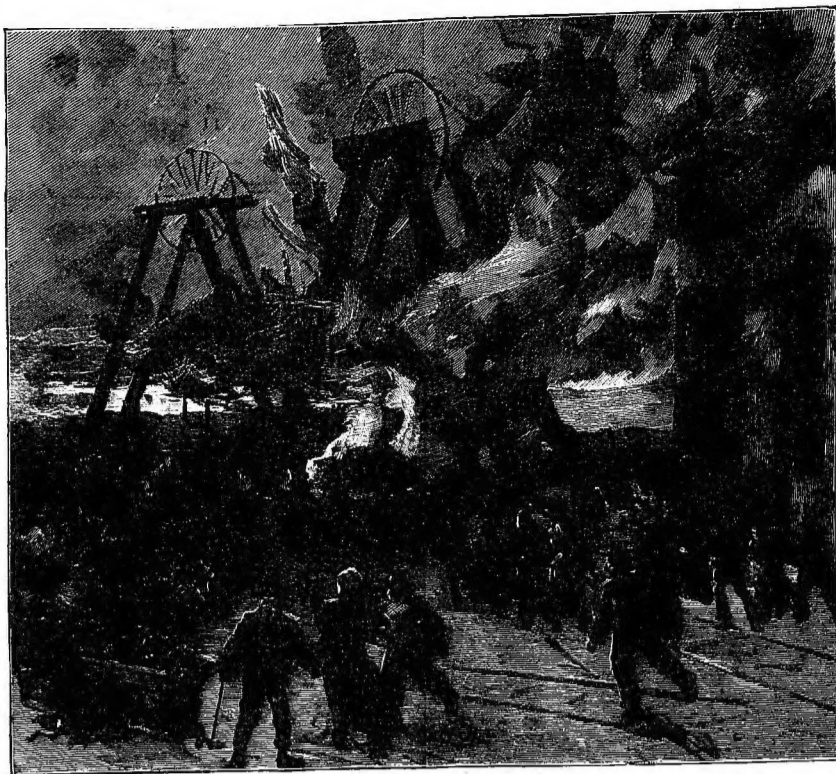
ON their way to Athens, where to-morrow they are to be present at the marriage, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family paid last week a very pleasant little visit to Venice, where the Royal yacht *Osborne* lay awaiting them. They arrived on Tuesday night, and spent Wednesday morning in visiting St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, opposite which, by the by, the *Osborne* was moored. In the evening the city was illuminated in honour of their Royal Highness's arrival, and a musical *fête* was held upon the Piazza San Marco. The effect of the Bengal lights against the "Stones of Venice" was very fine, and there was much enthusiasm when a barge upon the Grand Canal burst forth with a representation of the Prince of Wales's feathers in coloured lanterns. Next day the Royal party enjoyed the opportunity of seeing that eminently Venetian festivity, a water-carnival, and on Friday evening the Prince and his sons paid a visit to the Goldoni Theatre, where the orchestra greeted them with the strains of "God Save the Queen." Everywhere, in fact, they met with a hearty welcome, and when, at daybreak on Saturday, the Royal party finally embarked for Athens, the Prince of Wales expressed to the Syndic the pleasure which their visit to the City of the Lagoons had afforded them.

## CONVICT LIFE IN WORMWOOD SCRUBS.—IV.

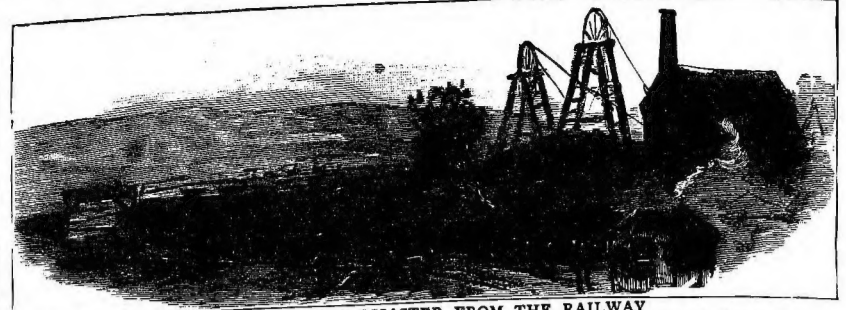
OUTWARD appearances go for so much in this world, that a young girl, under the circumstances depicted in M. Renouard's drawing, is perhaps less shocked at the crime which has brought her father to his present condition than at the change which it has wrought in his outward aspect. In Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," the heroine says of Robinson, who has just been captured in her presence, "A thief! why, he looks like a man." But she would not have said this if she had seen him for the first time in convict-garb. The close-cropped hair, the shaven face, and the dress besprinkled with broad arrows, all convey an impression of criminality. We do not deny that a career of crime—with its usual accompaniment of vicious self-indulgence—does not impress a degrading stigma on the human countenance; still, so long as the malefactor wears clothes like his fellow-men, keen observation is needed to detect this criminal aspect. On the other hand, take a score of the best men in England, crop their hair, shave their faces, put them into broad-arrow suits, and confine them behind iron bars; the majority of mankind would unhesitatingly pronounce them to be a set of villainous-looking fellows.

## THE LONGTON COLLIERY ACCIDENT

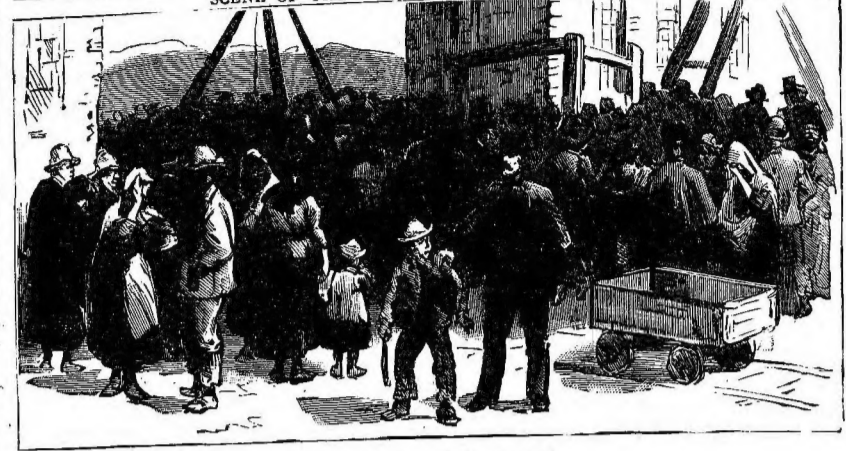
ABOUT three o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, October 16th, the dwellers at Adderley Green, near Longton, Staffordshire, were awakened by a terrific report. It was at once discovered that an explosion had taken place at the Mossfield Colliery, owned by Messrs. Hawley and Bridgwood, Limited, and a rush was immediately made to the mouth of the pit. There are usually about 200 men and boys at work in the pit, but on this occasion, happily, only about half that number were below, in addition to some thirty horses. At first it was feared that every living thing had perished, and terrible was the grief of the women assembled at the pit-mouth. Search-parties were soon organised, however, and, led by Mr. James Potts, the manager, they descended the shaft. Then it was found that the men working in the uppermost seam—known as the Hard



THE PIT MOUTH AFTER THE EXPLOSION



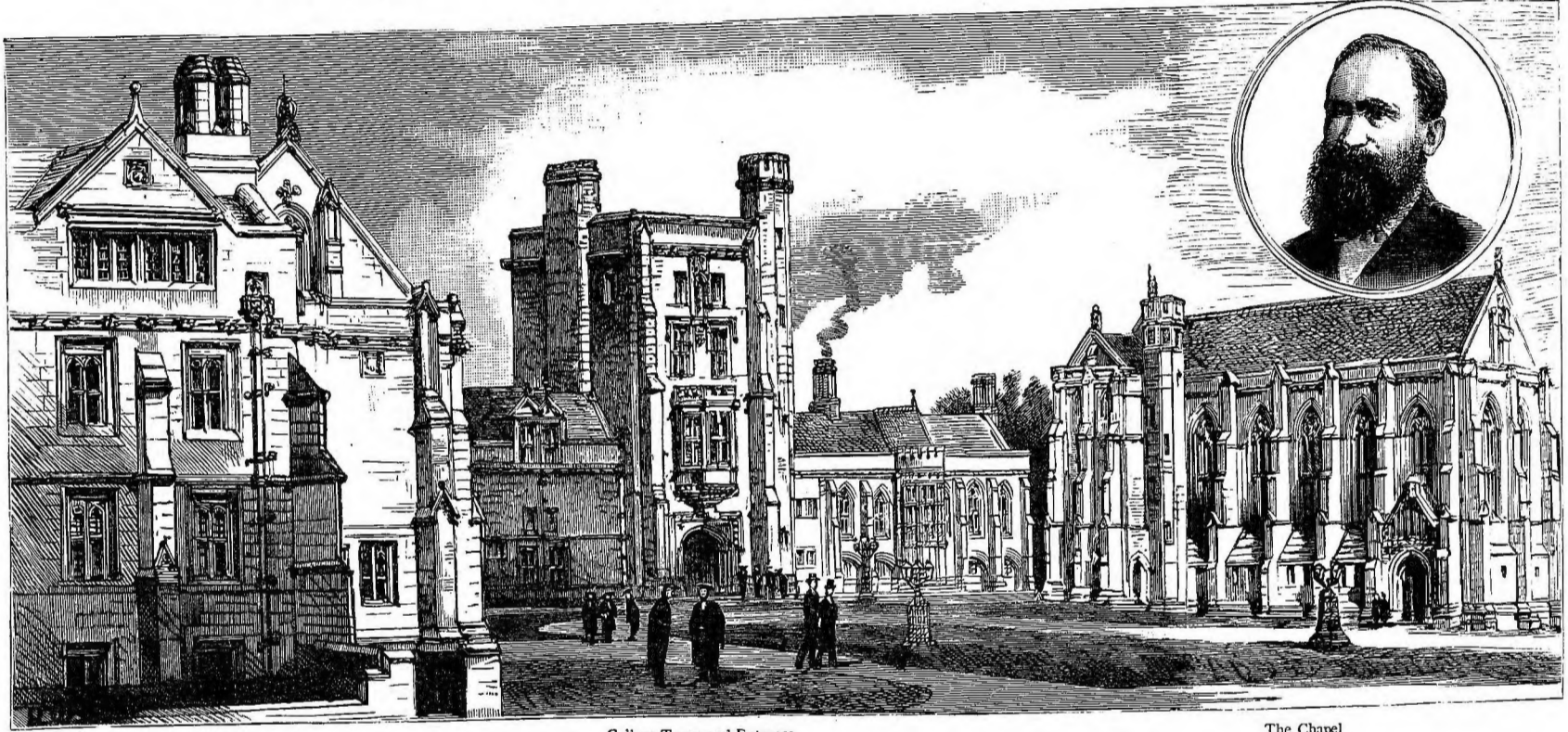
SCENE OF THE DISASTER FROM THE RAILWAY



WAITING FOR THE BODIES

THE RECENT COLLIERY DISASTER AT LONGTON, STAFFORDSHIRE

Dr. Fairbairn, the Principal

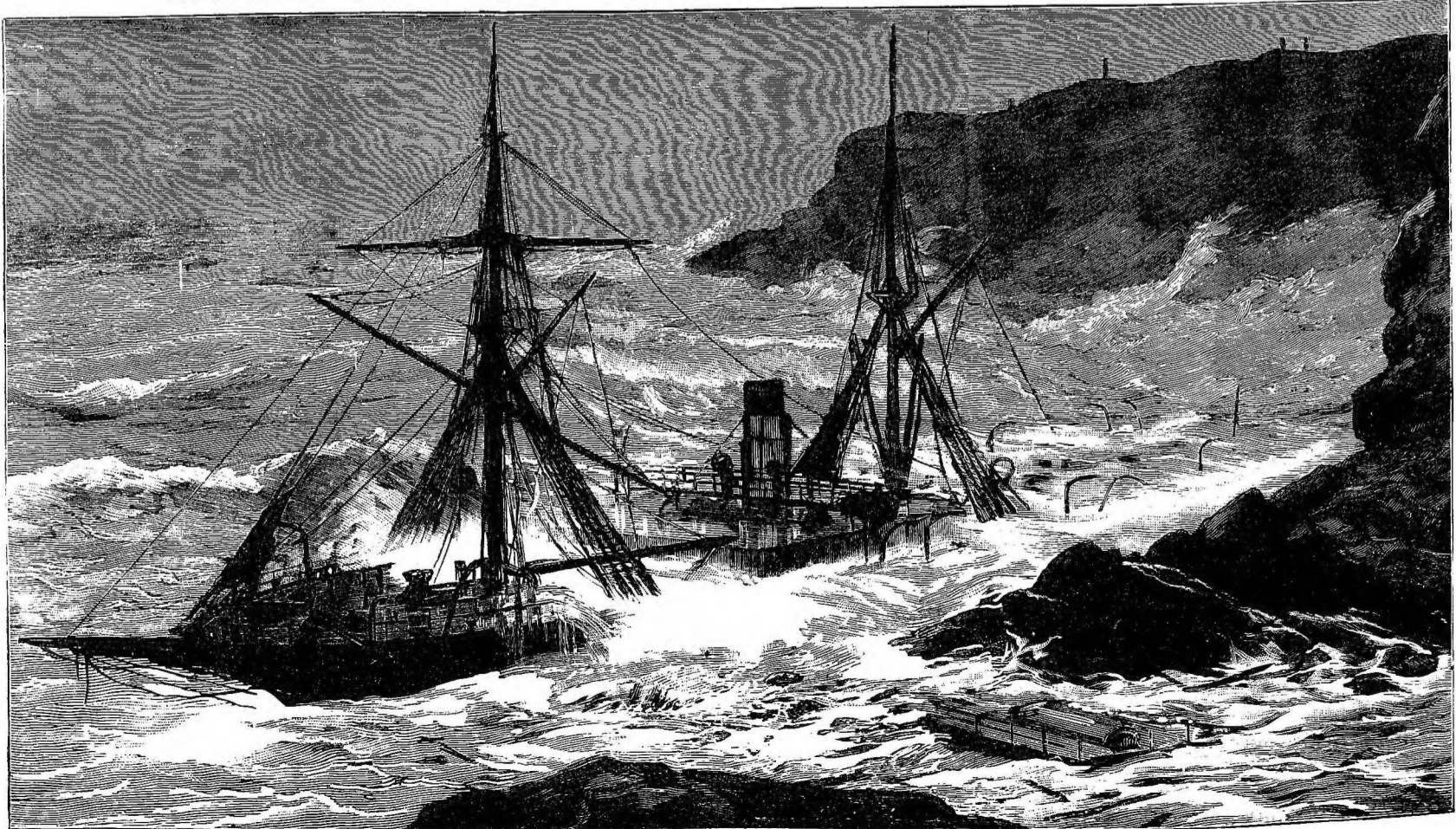


Dr. Fairbairn's House

College Tower and Entrance

The Chapel

MANSFIELD COLLEGE, THE NEW NONCONFORMIST COLLEGE AT OXFORD



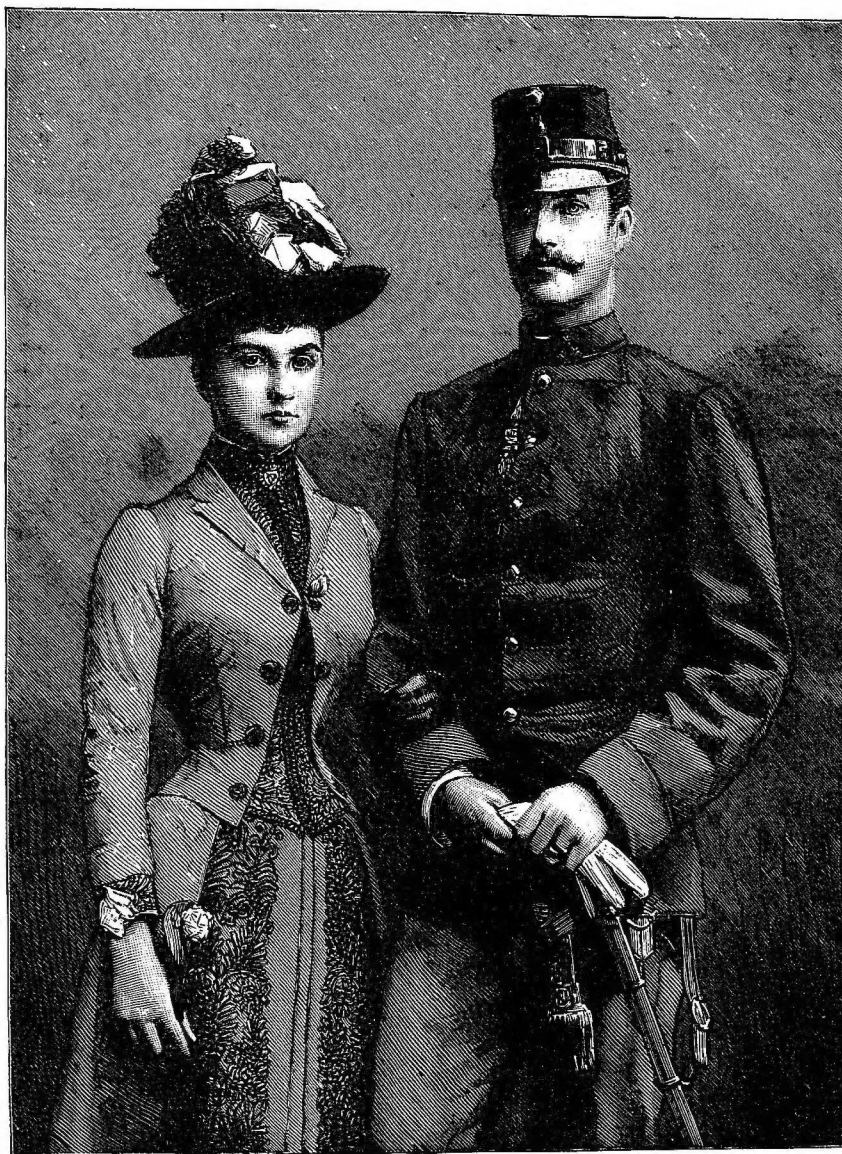
THE WRECK OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP "MALTA" OFF CAPE CORNWALL

# MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS BLANCHE OF BOURBON AND THE ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD SALVATOR

THE marriage arranged in October, 1888, between the Princess Blanca or Blanche of Bourbon and the Archduke Leopold Salvator took place on the 24th of this month, in the Chapel of the now historic Chateau of Frohsdorf amid a distinguished assemblage, such as the union of a pair in whose veins runs the bluest blood of Europe might be expected to attract.

The Princess Blanche is the eldest daughter of His Royal Highness Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, and is consequently the chief Princess of the illustrious House of Bourbon. Her mother is Marguerite, daughter of Charles III., Duke of Parma, and Louise de Bourbon, sister of the late Comte de Chambord. The Princess Blanche was born on the 7th of September, 1868, at Graz in Styria, both her parents being little over twenty years of age at the time. As an instance of the multiplicity of Christian names showered upon Spanish Royalties, we may record that she was baptised under the names of Blanca de Castille Maria de la Concepcion Teresa Francisca de Assisi Margareta Juana Beatrice Carlota Luisa Fernanda Adelgunda Elvira Ildefonsa Regina Josefa Michaela Gabriela Rafaela.

The Archduke Leopold Salvator was born on October 15th, 1863, and is, therefore, five years older than the bride. He is the eldest son of the Archduke Charles Salvator, a brother of Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Maria Immaculata, a daughter of Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies. He is a captain of the first-class in the Kaiser Franz Joseph Regiment, No. 1, now stationed at Troppau, in Silesia. He has received the Order of the Golden Fleece and the Order of St. Stephen. His brother, the Archduke Francis Salvator, was recently betrothed to the Archduchess Marie Valerie, youngest daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria.—Our portraits are from a photograph by Adèle, Vienna, sent to us by Mr. L. Kohn, Leopoldsgasse 24, Vienna.



H.I.H. THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES SALVATOR OF TUSCANY, AND H.R.H. PRINCESS BLANCHE OF BOURBON, MARRIED AT FROHSDOF, OCTOBER 24

# THE HIGHLAND GATHERING IN PARIS

PARISIANS have been treated to many strange sights in this year of grace. At the Exhibition all sorts of outlandish people have been on view; and, outside the Exhibition, the Wild West Show has introduced them to Buffalo Bill's cowboys and Indians. But they had plenty of wonderment remaining with which to greet the stalwart Scotchmen and Cumbrians who visited the French capital last week to exhibit their prowess. Their tartans, their kilts, their bagpipes, their capacity for absorbing "wiski," and the wonderful feats to which it inspired them—one of the pole-jumpers, for example, fell on his head from a height of about ten feet, and was picked up insensible, but a nip of the wine of his country at once revived him, and he went on and made a dead heat for first prize—equally surprised and delighted *nos chers voisins*. Of the sports themselves we need say little. There were hammer-throwing and shot-putting, pibrochs and marches on the great Highland bagpipes, foot-races, and tugs of war. It is gratifying to our British vanity to know that, in the only international competitions arranged, Great Britain was easily successful. Two Swiss champions, who presented themselves in the wrestling-ring to measure their strength against J. Currie and G. Steadman, soon measured their length on the ground; and, in the Tug-of-War, a dozen cowboys were soon pulled over the line by the eight brawny Scots opposed to them.

THE POPE HAS BEEN REVISING HIS WILL, in order to dispose of the large sums of money presented to him at his Jubilee. The exact amount of these offerings has been carefully kept secret, but it is believed to exceed a million sterling; and, as the money was given to Leo XIII. personally, and not to the Papacy, his family might raise awkward claims at his death. His Holiness therefore intends to bequeath the money to the reserve fund maintained for any emergency or disaster befalling the Holy See.



THE HIGHLAND GATHERING IN PARIS

Mine—had not been injured by the explosion; but on descending further, to the Banbury and Cockshead seams, the terrible character of the explosion became evident. In each of these seams some twenty-four bodies were quickly discovered, before the rapid accumulation of gas compelled the searchers to abandon their work for a time. Most of the men had evidently died of suffocation, though one or two had been burnt, or crushed by the falling-in of the roof. There were one or two marvellous escapes, nevertheless. A man named Hewitt, though knocked over by a falling door, was able to rush to the bottom of the shaft and make his escape, and was so little injured in fact that he joined the exploring party; and, though nearly all the horses were killed, a cat was found alive in the workings a day or two after the catastrophe. But the tale of victims was a terribly long one. Though an accurate return has yet to be made, it is certain that between sixty and seventy lost their lives. Most of these, moreover, were married men; and, unfortunately, not one of them was a member of the Relief Society. The "Old Sal," as the mine was familiarly called, was believed to be perfectly safe, and consequently the workers in it had refused to join. A fund for the benefit of the families of the victims was immediately started by the Mayor of Longton, the Lord Mayor consented to receive subscriptions, and before the end of the week several hundred pounds were contributed or promised. Subscriptions may be sent to the treasurer, J. W. Carn, Esq., Longton, Staffordshire. As to the cause of the accident, that is at present undecided, but there can be little doubt that the atmospheric conditions prevailing at the time of the explosion were such as to make the working dangerous.

### MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD

THIS College, which was opened at the beginning of last week, is a modification and development of Spring Hill College, Birmingham. Spring Hill was founded fifty years ago, in the good old intolerant days, when Nonconformists were barred from the national Universities. Spring Hill did good work in its day, but when the older academic foundations were thrown open to all comers, it was felt that there ought to be a Nonconformist teaching centre at Oxford, if only to counteract the influence exercised by Anglican ecclesiasticism on Dissenting undergraduates. It was determined, therefore, to shift from Birmingham to Oxford, and the new scheme has now been in operation for three years, temporary premises having been secured in Oxford. The results hitherto, says Dr. Fairbairn, the Principal, exceed the most sanguine expectations which had been formed.

The new buildings which have recently been erected (Mr. Basil Champneys being the architect, and Messrs. Parnell and Son, of Rugby, the builders), form one of the most complete and beautiful buildings of the kind that even Oxford can show. The College stands within gunshot of the Cherwell, on a pleasant sweep of greensward lying at the back of the secluded old gardens of Wadham College, and in close proximity to the Parks. The style of architecture is Edwardian Gothic, and the College consists of a long low central building, with an octagonal central tower, and two wings. The block on the left is the pleasant and handsomely-appointed residence of the Principal. There is a beautiful little library with timbered roof, carved oak presses, and mullioned windows. The central building comprises class-rooms and lecture-rooms, a pleasant dining hall, lavatory, kitchen, muniment room, and so forth. When the College Chapel is finished, its stained-glass windows, oaken stalls and canopies, and fine-toned organ may make older Nonconformists remember the days when such luxuries were held to savour of Episcopacy.

Finally, let us observe, Mansfield College does not come into rivalry or competition with any other institution in Oxford. It is not a residential College. Its members will have to find quarters among the licensed lodging-houses of the town, or as members of the University attached to other colleges. It has been founded by the English Congregational Churches for the post-graduate study of theology, primarily with a view to the education of their own ministry, and as a centre of Evangelical religious teaching and influence for all members of the University, whether English, Scottish, or Colonial. We have borrowed the foregoing details from an interesting article which appeared in the *Daily News* of October 11th.—Our engravings are from photographs by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

### WRECK OF THE "MALTA"

See page 505

### MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS BLANCHE AND ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD SALVATOR

AND

### HIGHLANDERS IN PARIS

See page 508,

### "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 509.

### "THE LADY WITH THE MUFF"

FREQUENTERS of the Gallery of the Louvre in Paris will look with pleasure at this reproduction of a very favourite picture, which is usually known by the above title, but is more correctly described as a portrait of Madame Molé Raymond, of the Comédie Française. It was painted by Madame Vigée le Brun, whose long life extended nearly over a century, from 1755 to 1842. "Madame le Brun's work," says Mr. C. L. Eastlake, "suggests something of Greuze's taste, without his mannerisms of execution. She also possesses some of Gainsborough's qualities, but more finished and even in impasto." In the original Madame Raymond wears a large blue hat and apron, with a puce-coloured dress. The brown muff is probably the biggest that ever figured on canvas. The lady has a merry-looking face, full of health and happiness.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Balfour had a splendid reception from his constituents in the large hall of Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, on Saturday. And the right hon. gentleman had no reason to complain of the warm approval which his declarations as to the result of the good government of Ireland elicited. Mr. Balfour affirmed that, although "every expectation he had formed had been more than fulfilled, the Radicals had to some extent frustrated the effects of the Government by opposing such measures as the Light Railways Bill." The cry for Home Rule, he remarked, was not in order that "the Irish might manage their own affairs, but that they might be able to appropriate somebody else's property."—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach delivered an address to the Bristol Working Men's Conservative

Association on Tuesday night. The Unionist strength, which declared itself at the polls in 1886, was, he affirmed, in no respect weakened at the present moment. Sir Michael discussed at some length the cry for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales, and argued that, if accomplished, it would not secure that religious equality which was the dream of jealous Nonconformists. To grant this demand as a concession to Welsh national feeling was, he declared, to set up a plea for Welsh national independence. This meant three separate Parliaments for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, which would render it impossible to maintain the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. He questioned the consistency of those who objected to denominational education, and yet expressed themselves willing to establish a separate Irish Parliament, and to allow it to endow as many Roman Catholic Universities as it liked. As to Local Government, he admitted that it should be extended to Ireland, but not to the extent of the allowing the wholesale system of robbery known as the Plan of Campaign, and of allowing the tyranny of the Law.—League to be substituted for the authority of the Law.—Sir Charles Russell, on the same evening, at Bolton claimed that since 1886 the "mists had been generally rolling away in face of the growing light of greater knowledge and intelligence." The Tory party, he affirmed, were trying to dodge the advancing tide, like Dame Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broomstick. Sir Charles proceeded to make light of the defection of such men as Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington, and asserted that "the Liberal party was never more united than at the present time."—The nomination for the election at Brighton took place on Tuesday. The only candidates who will go to the poll are Mr. Gerald Loder (C.) and Sir Robert Peel (G. L.), both Mr. Hannah and Mr. Parker Rhodes having retired from the contest. The struggle is exciting considerable interest.—Mr. Gladstone's visit to Southport has caused considerable excitement in the Lancashire watering place. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are the guests of Mr. C. Weld Blundell, at Ince Blundell Hall, Sands, where they arrived from Hawarden on Tuesday evening. During their journey, at Chester Station, cheers were raised for the "Grand Old Man" and the "Grand Old Woman." On Wednesday afternoon, the right hon. gentleman addressed a crowded meeting at Southport Cam-bridge Hall, in which he claimed that all the good measures passed by the Government had the concurrence of the Liberal Opposition. The right hon. gentleman declined to give any scheme as to the Liberal policy of the future, and proceeded to criticise fiercely the Ministerial policy in Ireland.—The demonstrations on Sunday in connection with the labour agitation were not very imposing. The men employed at the Deptford Foreign Cattle Market met in Deptford Broadway as a protest against the Privy Council restrictions as to the landing of cattle from Schleswig-Holstein. The house painters and decorators in the same district also assembled to air their grievances.—A mass meeting of railway servants held at Battersea Park gates was addressed by Mr. John Burns in furtherance of an effort which is being made to enrol the 263,000 men engaged in this calling into a Trades Union.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL BREWERS' EXHIBITION, which was opened on Monday at the Islington Agricultural Hall, promises to be the largest and most successful ever held. The exhibits are, it is true, interesting chiefly to those "in the trade;" but it is noticeable that the manufacturers of fruit-syrups and aerated beverages, and of the multitudinous forms of beef-tea, are taking advantage of the opportunity to bring their wares before the public. Lager beer is also shown. As for the auxiliary appliances, their name is legion. Here are box-making machines, box-printing machines, bottle-washing machines, special filters innumerable, and inventions destined to revolutionise the production of aerated waters and sparkling wines.

THE CAT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE shows no indication of falling-off in popularity, to judge by the number of entries this year. To the ordinary mind, accustomed to look upon a cat as a cat, and to draw no finer distinctions, the number of classes into which the exhibits are grouped is bewildering. There are, for instance, male and female short-haired cats, tortoiseshell or white, brown tom cats, blue and silver tabbies, red tabbies, spotted tabbies, blacks, and Manx cats. Then come long-haired males and she-cats, and so on, in an interminable series. And the "fancy" has a by no means inconsiderable following.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR was celebrated by the Royal Navy Club of 1765 on Tuesday, when the time-honoured banquet in honour of the anniversary was given at the Hôtel Métropole. During the evening a snuff-box, the wood of which formed part of the truck or block from which flew the signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," was handed round among the members of the club.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL has summarily rejected the recommendations of its Licensing Committee. By large majorities licences were renewed to the Trocadero, the Westminster Aquarium, and sundry other places of public amusement. A renewal of the music licence for Olympia was, however, refused, owing to the complaints of inhabitants in its vicinity. Lord Rosebery, who presided, acknowledged the indebtedness of the Council to the Licensing Committee, and especially to Mr. Charrington and Mr. M'Dougall, for their labours, and expressed the hope that now that a warning had been given to the conductors of the music-halls, the standard of amusement at those places would be raised.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL were much exercised on Tuesday, when certain contracts recommended by their Committees were discussed. In one case the question was referred back to the Committee on the motion of Mr. John Burns, who alleged that the firm recommended was paying wages below trade union prices. But the most spirited dispute arose out of the recommendation of a Liverpool firm, although two London firms had tendered at a lower price. Mr. John Burns was very emphatic in supporting the metropolitan firms, and the cry "London for Londoners," met with considerable support. It is said that the "fair rate of wages condition" adds in London ten per cent. to the cost of works.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of, in his forty-eighth year, Viscount Torrington, at Dinard, on Sunday morning, from typhoid fever. Viscount Torrington was attached to the 10th regiment during part of the Indian Mutiny, and was present at the capture of Lucknow; he also went through the Zulu War of 1879, and was present at Ulundi; of Sir John Blosset Maule, O.C., in his seventy-second year, a Bencher of the Inner Temple and Director of Public Prosecutions, until that office was transferred to the Solicitor to the Treasury; of the Right Rev. Dr. Sargent, in his eighty-third year, who was consecrated Assistant to the Bishop of Madras in 1877; of Mr. Jeffrey Browning, Solicitor to the Irish Land Commission; of Mr. Stafford Allen, in his eighty-fourth year, a well-known member of the Society of Friends and an active member of the Anti-Slavery Society; of Colonel Haas Garrett Moore, V.C., C.B., who was drowned in Lough Derg during a recent storm; of General Sir John Ramsay Stuart, C.B.; in his sixty-second year, of the Earl of Orkney, who served as a Captain of the Seventy-First Foot at the siege of Sebastopol and the capture of Kertch, receiving for his services the Turkish medal; and, in his seventy-third year of the Earl of Leven and Melville, who died on Tuesday afternoon at his seat, Glenferness, Dunphail, from injuries sustained in a carriage accident last month.



THE views of GERMANY on the prospects of European peace are, at present, most hopeful—if we are to trust the assurances of the Imperial Speech at the opening of the Reichstag. This being the first time official Germany has spoken since the recent Imperial interviews, the speech was awaited with additional interest—which, however, did not prevent most of the German Deputies from absenting themselves from the opening ceremony, as neither the Emperor nor Prince Bismarck was there. The Address alludes triumphantly to the strengthening of personal relations between the Emperor and the Sovereigns of friendly and allied neighbouring countries, which "justify us in the belief that the peace of the European world will be maintained on the basis of existing treaties, with God's help, for this next year also." Yet, while prophesying peace, Germany decidedly makes ready for battle, for the increase of the Army and Navy is, after all, the main point of the speech. The Government wants an extraordinary credit of fourteen millions sterling, half of which will be spent on the Army, a considerable share on the Navy, and another large portion on the Colonial Police. Indeed Colonial affairs are deemed so important that a special department is created for their organisation. A Socialist Bill and a new Bank Law are amongst the other noteworthy measures for the coming Session. At present the Germans are most absorbed in watching their Emperor's triumphal progress abroad. His Majesty and the Empress enjoyed a quiet friendly visit to the Italian King and Queen at Monza, though all festivities were checked by the death of the King of Portugal, and they intend to revisit Monza on their way home from the East. They have been greeted with elaborate ceremony in Greece, for the Hellenes see clearly the advantage of the family bond with so weighty a factor in European politics as Germany. Indeed, this side of the question is fully recognised on the Continent, and is the point which most deeply touches Russia, although the Greeks have paid every attention to the Czarwitsch as a counterpoise. Still the Czar, though outwardly complaisant, likes the Greek alliance no better than the zeal which Turkey manifests to welcome Emperor William next week. Indeed, the Porte makes every effort to prepare a fitting reception, and has even ordered the streets and old houses of Constantinople to be repaired, so as not to shock the Imperial guest's eyes. The political consequences of this visit provide endless discussion, resulting in the general opinion that the interview must affect the relations of Turkey to the Triple Alliance. Emperor William takes Count Herbert Bismarck with him; but the Chancellor himself remains at Friedrichsruhe, where Count Kalnoky shortly comes for the quiet interchange of views, which is now an annual event. An attempt to assassinate Prince William, heir to the Throne of Württemberg, has happily failed. Religious mania prompted the crime.

In FRANCE M. Jules Ferry has again come to the fore, showing that if shut out of Parliament he does not intend to abandon public life. Stung by the charges of an Italian journal that he acted with the worst possible faith towards Italy in the Tunis Question, M. Ferry tells the story from his point of view. He declares that Germany never offered Tunis to Italy at the Berlin Congress, nor afterwards made the offer to France, but that Italy had long expected that France should declare a Protectorate. However, the British Government acquiesced in the French intentions, from the time that England took Cyprus. The Italians again flatly contradict M. Ferry, and so the dispute remains at present. In home politics there is nothing stirring, beyond the hesitations of the Boulangists as to which party they shall join. Boulangism itself is dead for the time, indeed the General virtually acknowledged as much, when interviewed in his Jersey retreat; although, of course, he throws the blame on his supporters. M. Laisant, his great friend, has been struck off the Army Roll, for declaring that if called to active service, he would not go without overturning the Government.

The death of King Luis of PORTUGAL has aroused genuine regret throughout the country. His Majesty was thoroughly popular, as a mild, judicious ruler, keenly alive to his people's interests, and under his sway Portugal enjoyed twenty-eight years of peace and steady development. Immediately Dom Luis had expired on Saturday morning, his elder son, the Duke of Braganza, was proclaimed King, as Carlos I. of Portugal and the Algarves, Queen Maria Pia being the first to hail her son as monarch. Meanwhile, the whole country has observed this week as a season of deep sorrow. Business was entirely suspended, public offices and shops were shut, and signs of mourning were universal in Lisbon. The late King's remains were brought privately on Monday night from Cascaes to Belem, escorted by King Carlos and the Royal family, to lie in State in the church belonging to the Monastery of St. Jerome. The coffin rested on a gorgeous catafalque on the steps, guarded by troops and Court officials, and crowds thronged the church daily to bid their Sovereign farewell. The funeral takes place to-day (Saturday) with great pomp, and, after the Requiem Mass, King Luis's body will be interred in the Royal Pantheon of St. Vincent with his ancestors of the Braganza dynasty. Great sympathy has been shown abroad, and nearly every European Court sends a special mission to the funeral.

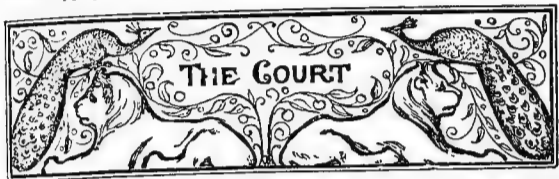
The opening of the Skuptschina has produced most pacific professions from SERBIA. The Regents' inaugural message insists on the favourable and friendly relations with other countries which Serbia has developed and extended, wishing to "cultivate harmony and peace" in accord with the other Balkan States. Further, the address plainly hints that Serbia must restore her financial prosperity and develop her Constitution before she meddles in foreign affairs. M. Paschitch is the President of the new House, and he headed a deputation to the young King to express all loyalty to the Oreni-vitch dynasty. Queen Natalie has settled down quietly at Belgrade, the content with her victory over King Milan and the Regents. The fresh Parliamentary Session in BULGARIA opens to-morrow (Sunday), when Prince Ferdinand is expected back at Sofia. His enemies declare that he would never have returned had not a Bulgarian loan been at last concluded with a Viennese bank. The loan is for a million sterling at 6 per cent.

In INDIA the Bombay Native Officials Indemnity Bill has been passed by the Legislative Council, after considerable popular opposition. The Government was urged to maintain Lord Reay's promises intact, but the Viceroy pointed out that it was a positive duty to the people of the country to dismiss all corrupt officials, so as to maintain a duly high standard of public morality. This Bill was, therefore, the most reasonable solution of the difficulty. The notorious robber, Tania Bheel, has been condemned to death for the worst of his many murders. In BURMA it is suggested that Prince Albert Victor's coming visit would be a suitable occasion to pardon many prisoners who are still confined for opposing the British in the early days of the occupation, when they were honestly fighting for their country.

In the UNITED STATES the International Maritime Congress at Washington has set steadily to work on the revision of the regulations to prevent collisions. It has been decided to make no change in the masthead and coloured lights at present used, and that reduced speed shall be maintained in foggy weather. The American

Naval Department are much annoyed that the meagre Government funds allotted for the Conference prevent much hospitality being shown to the foreign delegates—unlike the lavish expenditure on the Pan-American Congress. The latter delegates, indeed, are worn out with sight-seeing before they settle down to business. At last the Cronin trial is likely to begin in earnest, eleven jurors having been selected.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The condition of the working classes has been elaborately treated by the Pope in an allocution to the French pilgrims now visiting ITALY. His Holiness urged both masters and men to be moderate, considerate, and just, and recommended that special associations should be formed to protect and promote the rights and interests of the working classes.—The army in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY will henceforth be designated "Imperial and Royal" instead of "Imperial-Royal," thus marking the national division of the dual forces. Another Separatist squabble is caused by the Hungarians objecting to the Imperial Austrian flag being used in their country instead of the Hungarian colours.—The life of the Foreign Minister of JAPAN, Count Okuma, has been attempted, apparently through dislike of his policy in concluding treaties with Western nations. The Count was only slightly hurt, but the assassin committed suicide.—An important step towards abolishing slavery in EAST AFRICA has been taken by the Sultan of Zanzibar. He has given a written promise to Mr. Portal that all children born in his dominions after January 1st shall be considered free—the greatest voluntary concession yet made by a Mahomedan Prince. On their side the Germans have acquired the protectorate of a fresh strip of coast territory between Vitu and Ki-maju. More fighting has occurred on the mainland, as Bushiri has collected a fresh force, but at present the advantage lies with the Germans.—In SOUTH AFRICA events in Swaziland have been watched with great anxiety. The late King Umbandine has been buried without disturbance, and the chiefs are discussing his successor, while the question whether the country shall remain as before or be annexed by Great Britain or the Transvaal will shortly be studied by the Special Commission. Messrs. Joubert and Smit are the Transvaal Commissioners to meet Sir F. de Winton. The Transvaal itself has suffered grievously from the prolonged drought—now happily ended—which caused serious dearth of food.



### THE COURT

THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice spent two days at the Glassalt Shiel at the end of last week, Her Majesty much enjoying the change to complete rural existence. On returning to Balmoral the Queen received the Duke of Rutland, who had replaced Viscount Cross as Minister-in-Attendance. Princess Frederica of Hanover has also left the Castle. On Saturday night the Duke of Rutland joined the Royal party at dinner, and next morning Her Majesty with Prince and Princess Henry attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. The ex-Empress Eugénie dined with the Queen on Monday, and on Thursday the Court went into mourning for a month for the King of Portugal, who was the Queen's cousin once removed. The Court leaves for Windsor on November 20th.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and family spent three days in Venice on their way to Athens. On Saturday morning the Royal party left in the *Osborne*, escorted by two British gunboats, and after spending Monday at Corfu, reached Athens on Wednesday. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor leave again on Monday for Alexandria, where they are expected on Thursday. The Prince of Wales will reach Cairo on the following day, and stay at the Ghizeh Palace, probably dining in the evening with Sir E. Baring. On Saturday he will review the British and Egyptian troops and dine with the Khédive, but most of the festivities arranged have been abandoned, owing to the death of the King of Portugal. Nevertheless, the Prince will probably receive the British colony privately before he returns to Alexandria on his way to England. Prince Albert Victor will meanwhile start from Suez in the *Oceanic* for Bombay. The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected at Sandringham for the shooting season on November 27th. Early next year they will visit Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor, Dorset, going over to Bournemouth on January 16th, to open the Victoria Hospital.

The Greek wedding festivities at Athens are being attended by a large gathering of Royal relatives. The Czarevitch was the first guest to arrive on Sunday, and the King and Queen of Denmark followed on Tuesday. Next came the Prince and Princess of Wales and family, escorted by the British squadron, and greeted with great ceremony, then the German Emperor and Empress, and, finally, the bride, with her mother and sisters, would arrive yesterday (Friday). The Princess Sophie spent her last day at home visiting her father's tomb and attending Service at his favourite church at Bornstedt, and received an affectionate popular farewell on her departure from Germany. The Royal party stayed two days at Venice, where they were entertained by a night *fête* and grand *bal* serenade, and left on Tuesday in the *Imperator* for Athens. A grand reception is prepared for the Princess, and to-day (Saturday) a family dinner will be given at the Palace. The marriage will take place to-morrow, and on Monday the bridal party will witness a *gala* theatrical performance.—In contrast to these gaieties, the Duke of Edinburgh has gone to the late King of Portugal's funeral at Lisbon.



### THE LEGAL

THE LEGAL YEAR commenced on Thursday, the first day of the Michaelmas Sittings. The Lord Chancellor's "breakfast"—before which his lordship received the Lord Mayor Elect—was a successful function, and there was a fair show of judges to file up the Central Hall. The Cause lists are remarkable, as showing a considerable falling off. The Appeal Courts, for instance, have only 148 matters before them, as against 212 twelve months ago. In the Chancery Division 593 cases are listed, while at Michaelmas, 1888, there were 818. But the Queen's Bench and the Probate and Divorce Divisions show an increase, the figures being respectively 1,400 and 315, as against 1,143 and 208. The Parnell Commission resumed its sitting on Thursday.

THE PROSECUTION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE COLEMAN CLUB by the City Police has broken down, Alderman Evans deciding, at the Guildhall Police Court, that the Club was not a "common gaming-house."

THE TRIAL OF WILLIAM COLL, the first of the men charged with the murder of Inspector Martin at Gweedore, which has been heard at Maryborough during the week by Mr. Justice Gibson,

resulted on Tuesday in a verdict of "Guilty of Manslaughter." A point of law, raised by The Macdormott, for the defence, was reserved by the judge, and sentence was deferred. The trial of the other prisoners is proceeding, and will be followed by that of Father M'Fadden and others for conspiracy.

THE LIVERPOOL POLICE have made a successful raid on McCall's printing works, where Conolly's well-known lottery tickets on horse races are said to be printed. A quantity of tickets, lists, books, &c., were seized by the police, and a number of men arrested on a warrant granted under 42 Geo. III. c. 119. Yesterday the accused were brought before the stipendiary magistrate and remanded on bail. It was alleged by the prosecution that the proprietors were making 300% or 400% a week profit.

MR. RAFFLES had before him, at the Liverpool Police Court on Monday, a case which raised the question of legal liability for refusing to assist a constable when called upon to do so. Edward Crane, a servant of the Corporation, was summoned for refusing to assist Police-constable 799 a few days ago in apprehending a violent prisoner, who was charged with felony, and who consequently made his escape. For the defence, it was urged that the constable was in plain clothes, and that the defendant thought the affair was only some street squabble. The case had been brought forward in consequence of frequent refusals to assist the police, notwithstanding the liability to be proceeded against by indictment. Ultimately the summons was, by consent, withdrawn.



### PASTIMES

THE TURF.—Those speculators who laid ten to one that the objection to Primrose Day for the Cesarewitch would not be sustained, were amply justified in their confidence in the astuteness of Mr. William Goater. True, as Mr. Godfrey alleged, there was a partnership existing between himself, Mr. Goater, and Mr. W. G. Craven, but as it was all duly registered with Messrs. Weatherby the Stewards of the Jockey Club had no difficulty in quashing the objection. Indeed, the only mystery is why they did not do so within twenty-four hours of its being raised.

The Houghton Meeting, at headquarters, began on Monday, when, despite the bad weather, the fields were large and the sport very fair. Boule d'Or won the Houghton Handicap Plate, Whistle Jacket, which started favourite, being nowhere; the Rous Nursery Handicap Plate fell to Ram Lal, with L'Abbé Morin beaten by a neck. Next day, of course, the principal event was the Criterion Stakes. None of the crack two-year-olds were entered on this occasion, and the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, with 2 to 1 laid on him, won all the way, with Filibustier second. There was no betting on the Home-Bred Produce Stakes, in which the Duke of Hamilton's Fear Disgrace easily defeated his solitary opponent. On Wednesday the *pièce de résistance* was the Dewhurst Plate, for which there were eight runners. Le Nord was the winner, and Alloway and Far Niente were second and third. In a plate King Monmouth beat Procidia.

At Sandown Park on Thursday last week the chief events were the Great Sapling Plate, which fell to Gallivanter from a field of sixteen, the Orleans Nursery Handicap taken by Killowen, and the Sandown Autumn Handicap which was secured by Jack Frost. Next day the Hershams Two-Year-Old Plate fell to Barbet, and the Temple Handicap to Maskery.

For the Free Handicap at Newmarket, usually regarded as the official tip for next year's classic races, Major Egerton placed Signorina top with 9 st. 7 lbs. Then came Surefoot 9 st. 2 lbs., Heaume 8 st. 10 lbs., and Le Nord with 1 lb. less. Semolina was given 8 st. 1 lb. For the Liverpool Autumn Cup King Monmouth has 9 st. 2 lbs., and then follow Goldseeker with 8 st. 11 lbs., and Amphion with 8 st. 7 lbs.

FOOTBALL.—The League matches on Saturday produced several surprises. Preston North End, who succumbed to Derby County after a very fine match, were in the position of the eagle which feathered the shaft that killed him, for the victory was to a large extent due to the brothers Goodall, who last year played for North End, but who this year throw in their lot with the County. At Blackburn the Rovers, who have only lost one match at present, beat Aston Villa by no fewer than seven goals to none; at Trent Bridge Everton were narrowly defeated by Notts County; while West Bromwich Albion—on their own ground, too!—fell before Wolverhampton Wanderers. Thirteen is an unlucky number, and so the Sandhurst Cadets found when Casuals beat them last week by thirteen to two!—London, for a wonder, put a really strong team in the field against Sussex on Saturday, and as the County was minus several of its best players, secured an easy victory by five goals to one.—Rugbywise Bradford has defeated Manchester, and London Scottish London Welsh. The Wasps were just a little bit out-classed by the Old Leysians, who won by twelve goals and two tries to nil! The new rule by which a goal got by a penalty-kick counts only two points, while one obtained from a try is worth three, was curiously illustrated in the match between Kent and Middlesex last week. For the former Christopherson dropped a beautiful goal from a penalty-kick nearly in the centre of the ground; but the latter gained a goal from a try, and so won by the narrow margin of one point.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Taylor easily defeated Cook in their spot-barred billiard match at the Aquarium last week. This week Peall and McNeill are the contestants. Roberts begins his season at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday, with a series of matches against North.—William Goode ("Chesterfield"), who stands 5 ft. 7½ in. high, and weighs 11 st. 4 lbs., was very unwise to challenge the Australian giant Slavin, who is half-a-foot higher, and a couple of stone heavier, to a twelve-round fight with the gloves. The little man's science would not save him against the strength of his antagonist, and in the fifth round, amid a scene of great confusion, he was knocked out.

### FINE ART SOCIETY

NOT often has so attractive a collection of works by a single artist been got together as the series of seventy pictures of birds that Mr. H. S. Marks is now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society Gallery in New Bond Street. Most of them are in water-colour, and are now shown for the first time, but there are a few of earlier date, including the large oil picture, "Dominicans in Feathers," representing a party of comical-looking penguins grouped in various natural and suggestive attitudes on a shelving rock, which appeared at the Academy in 1887. In many works Mr. Marks has shown an appreciative perception of the beauty of some birds, of the quaint humour and grotesqueness of others, and has depicted them in a way possible only to an artist with a scientific knowledge of their anatomical structure. In a prefatory note to the catalogue, he rightly repudiates the idea that, with a view of humanising his subjects, he ever departs from natural fact. He often avails himself, however, with the happiest result, of the remote but suggestive resemblance in expression and movement which many birds bear to humanity. An excellent example of his remarkable skill in

this way is to be seen in "A Sentinel," showing an adjutant stork, with uplifted foot, and a look of suspicion in his watchful eye. Still better is the drawing of an astute-looking Tantalus stork, with wrinkled brow and a fuzzy top-knot, suggestive of the judicial wig, called "A Learned Judge." Apart from truth of character and expressive humour, many of the drawings are remarkable for their admirable rendering of tint and texture and their technical completeness. "A Loving Couple," "Rose-Crested Cockatoo," and a highly-finished little replica of the artist's diploma picture, "Science is Measurement," are among several that will repay the closest examination.



### SCRAFFS

PRINCESS LOUISE has sent two studies of feminine heads to the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Water-Colour and Pastel Painters at Glasgow. One is a pencil portrait of an American lady, the other a water-colour sketch of a Maltese girl.

A RAILWAY UP THE JUNGFRAU is now proposed. Herr Koechlin, who constructed the Eiffel Tower, has applied to the Swiss Government for the necessary concession. The Jungfrau is one of the loftiest Swiss peaks, reaching an altitude of 13,720 feet.

AN INTERNATIONAL ART AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION has been opened at Brighton. The display is extremely good, including jewellery, antiquities, paintings, and various manufactures, and is housed in a large building situated between Holland Road and Palmeira Avenue.

A NEW CROWN has just been finished for the German Emperor. It resembles the old model worn by William I., but is much handsomer and more artistically executed. There are 109 diamonds in the crown, which consists of a beautifully worked gold band set with diamonds, from which spring eight diamond trefoils, connected by gold and jewelled circles. At the top is an enormous sapphire, surmounted by a diamond cross. The Empress's diadem contains 11 fine pearls and 1,500 diamonds.

GENERAL BOULANGER lives in strict seclusion in Jersey. He occupies a detached suite of rooms at the Hôtel Pomme d'Or, St. Helier's, and appears to intend remaining some time in his present quarters, as he has fitted them up with his own plate, pictures, and some favourite furniture. It is rumoured that he may ultimately rent a large house at Longueville—The Grange—or one at St. Laurens—The Grove—but he is not likely to move at present. On first arriving, the General called on the chief Government officials, but, so far, they have not returned his visit. His political partisans also keep aloof, and as he refuses to be interviewed for mere curiosity's sake, the General sees few people, his chief recreation being to drive in a closed carriage.

THE FRANCO-BELGIAN *fête*, organised for the benefit of the sufferers by the Antwerp explosion, was held in Paris on Saturday and Sunday with great success. The Palais de l'Industrie was converted into a Flemish city—partly a reproduction of old Antwerp itself—where a Kermesse was carried on with much vigour, well-known actresses selling Brussels lace and other national products. Belgian military bands and choral societies furnished the music, and *tableaux*, copied from famous Flemish pictures, were represented on the stage. The familiar Antwerp milk-carts, drawn by dogs, were there, but the great attractions were the monster figures of the traditional giants, Bruon-Antigonius and his wife, together with the statue of Salvius Brabo, who relieved Antwerp from the thrall of the giants. The arms of Antwerp (two hands) commemorate Antigonius, who used to cut off the hands of all those who refused to pay toll when passing up the Scheldt, and throw them into the river. Hence, one of the derivations of the name of Antwerp—*ant* a hand, *werpen* to throw. These colossal figures were over a week coming to Paris through a network of canals, and their heads and arms were unscrewed to get them under the bridges.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS to Princess Sophie of Prussia and the Duke of Sparta include gifts from nearly every crowned head. Queen Victoria sends her grand-daughter two Indian shawls, a silver tea and coffee service, Honiton lace, a diamond necklace, and a bookcase containing the Princess's favourite works. King Humbert of Italy gives a diamond tiara. The Queen Regent of Spain bestows the Order of the Golden Fleece on the bridegroom. The Empress Augusta, the bride's grandmother, presents two diamond stars; and Emperor William a diadem, necklace, and brooch of brilliants and turquoises, with a turquoise cross attached, which is a British Royal heirloom. Originally the cross belonged to Queen Anne, and thence descended to Queen Victoria, who gave it to the Empress Frederick, who in her turn has transferred it to her daughter. Turquoises, indeed, are the Princess Sophie's favourite stone; so her brother-in-law, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, presents her with one bracelet of turquoises and diamonds; while the Empress Frederick gives another of brilliants surrounding a magnificent turquoise, which can be detached as a brooch, and was thus fastened on the Empress's christening robe by the Prince Consort. The Empress Frederick also bestows on her daughter a pearl and diamond necklet, and a diadem and bracelet of rubies and brilliants. The most curious wedding gift is received by the Duke of Sparta—a collection of Egyptian mummies from a Greek resident of Alexandria; while other Greeks living abroad offer such useful articles as Smyrna carpets, a Viennese ebony and tortoiseshell writing-table, silver ornaments from Odessa, and so on.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week. The deaths numbered 1,410, against 1,321 during the previous seven days, being an advance of 89, but 230 below the average, while the death-rate went up to 16.9 per 1,000. The fatal cases of scarlet-fever rose to 25 (an increase of 10), while those of diphtheria advanced to 41 (a rise of 6). There were 23 deaths from measles (an increase of 10), 22 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 6), 26 from whooping-cough (a rise of 12), 11 from enteric-fever, (a decline of 8), 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, and 1 from typhus. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 300, but were 50 below the average. There were 2,518 births registered, being a decrease of 77, and 252 under the usual return.

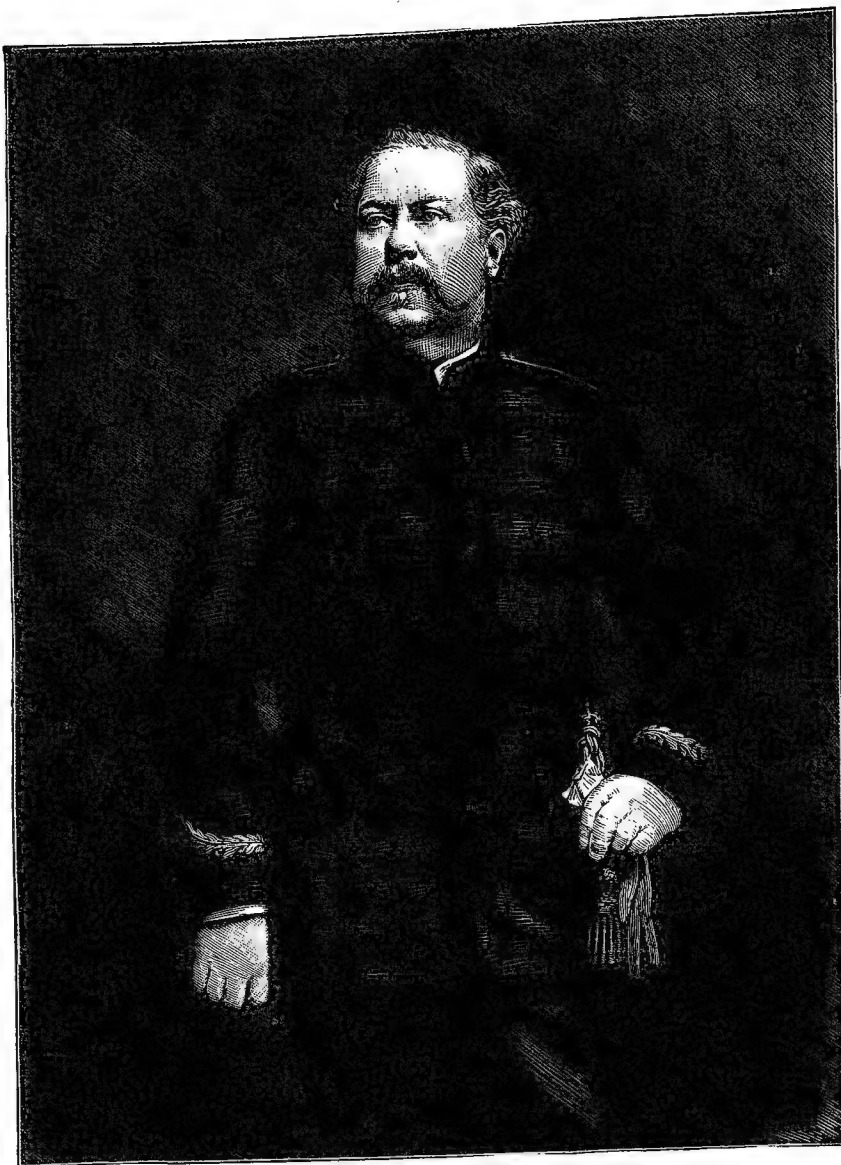
### THE LATE KING, AND THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL

It was during a journey to the northern provinces in the autumn of 1887 that Dom Luis first showed serious symptoms of the illness which ultimately proved fatal. At the beginning of 1888 it was evident that the King's constitution was gravely affected, and, although there were occasional rallies, the disease steadily gained ground. Paralysis of the extremities and other distressing complications showed themselves during the autumn while His Majesty was at Cintra, and at length the end came at Cascaes, at 11 A.M. on October 19th. During the preceding night, Queen Maria Pia, her sons, and the Cardinal Patriarch remained by the bedside of the King. When the sad event occurred, it was announced to the inhabitants of Lisbon by the thunder of cannon and the tolling of the church bells. King Luis's elder

(Continued on page 506)

son, Charles, Duke of Braganza, now reigns in his stead as Charles I., King of Portugal and of Algarves, of the Seas on both sides of Africa, and Lord of Guinea. In his official proclamation, the new King promises to follow in the footsteps of his father, to maintain the Roman Catholic religion and the integrity of the kingdom, and to observe the political Constitution of the Portuguese nation. King Luis's reign, which had lasted twenty-eight years, began with some disturbances caused by the imposition of new taxes, but they were suppressed without bloodshed, and peace has never since been seriously disturbed. Many useful reforms have been carried out during his tenure of the throne. Slavery has been abolished, primary instruction made obligatory, public libraries and museums established, the army and navy reorganised, railways developed, municipalities reformed, and new ports created. King Charles, therefore, starts on his career as monarch under very favourable auspices.

Now for a few biographical details. King Luis, who died last Saturday, was the son of Queen Maria da Gloria (daughter of Pedro the First, Emperor of Brazil), and of the King-Consort, Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. He was born October 31st, 1838, and succeeded his brother, Pedro Fifth, on November 11th, 1861. He was married, by procurator, at Turin, on September 27th, and in person at Lisbon on October 6th, 1862, to Queen Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emmanuel the Second, King of Italy. Her Majesty, who survives her husband, was born October 11th, 1847. By this marriage his late Majesty King Luis had two sons. The elder, Charles, Duke of Braganza, who has just succeeded to the Throne, is a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry and a captain in the navy. He was born September 28th, 1863, and was married at Lisbon May 22nd, 1886, to Princess Amélie d'Orleans, daughter of the Comte de Paris. Her Majesty was born September 28th, 1865. The young couple have at present one son, Louis Philippe, Prince of Beira, born at Lisbon March 21st, 1887, but an addition to the family may shortly be expected.—Our portraits are from photographs as follow: King Luis from an unnamed photograph; King Charles and



HIS MAJESTY DOM LUIS, THE LATE KING OF PORTUGAL

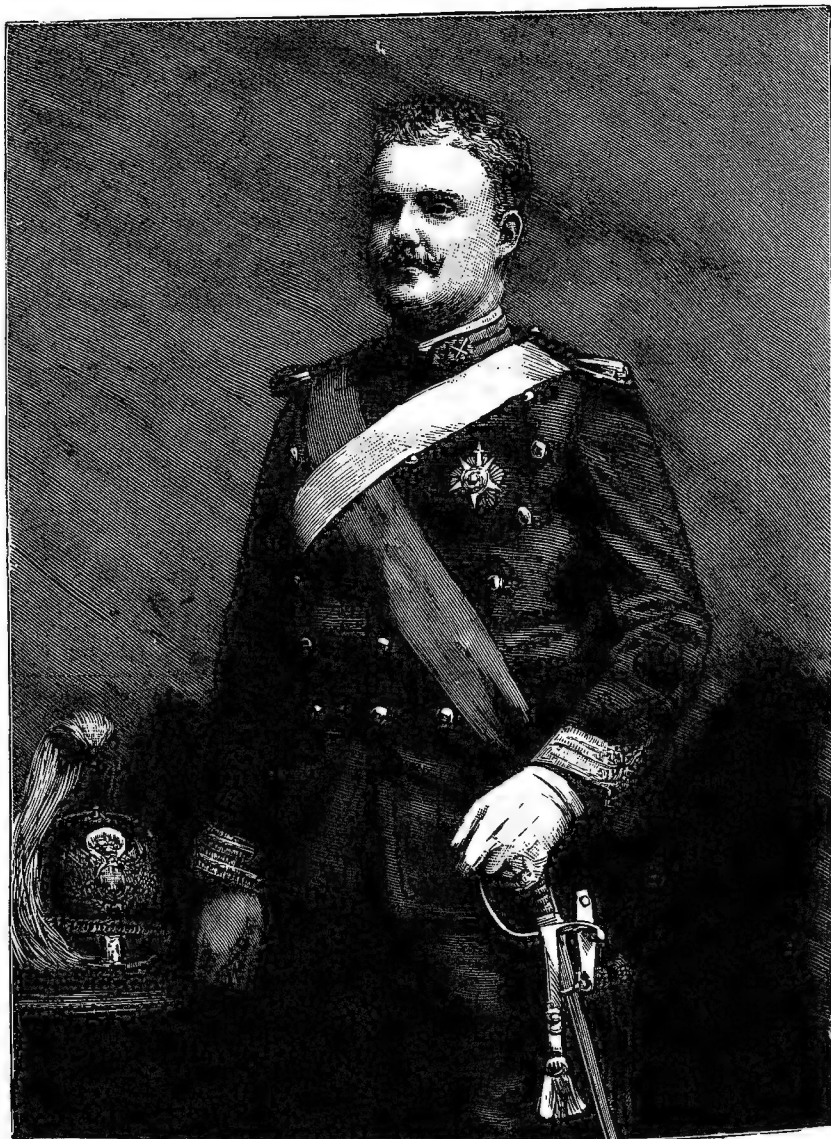
Queen Amélie by A. Bobone, 87, Rua Serpa Pinto, Lisbon.

#### WRECK OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP "MALTA"

THE steamship *Malta* left Liverpool on the afternoon of October 14th, *en route* for Falmouth and the Mediterranean, this being the first of a series of trips which the Cunard Steamship Company have organised to that region. There was a crew of forty-two on board, a Liverpool pilot who intended to disembark at Falmouth, and nineteen passengers, several of whom were ladies. All went well until the evening of the 15th inst., when a dense fog came on. Soundings were taken, and it was presumed wrongly, as it afterwards appeared that they were not far off the Longships. Orders were given to go at half-speed, when suddenly a shock was felt, followed by a grating noise. The bow of the vessel had struck the Castle Rock, a little to the north of Cape Cornwall, and between five and six miles from the Land's End. It is one of the roughest and wildest spots on that coast, as the cliffs rise several hundred feet all around. When the vessel struck, a scene of great confusion occurred among the crew, most of whom were strangers to each other and to the vessel. The captain and officers, however, behaved with great coolness and presence of mind. Nevertheless, nearly two hours elapsed before the first boat was launched. But rockets had already been fired, and presently several spectators appeared on the edge of the cliff ready to give assistance. Eventually, all the passengers were safely landed, but amid a scene of considerable confusion. The crew, one man excepted, who bolted in the guise of a passenger, remained on board all night, and Captain Lavis did not leave his vessel until the last boat, containing the crew, had pushed off. He was subsequently taken ashore in the Sennen Cove lifeboat. Fortunately, the sea was smooth at the time of the disaster, but next day it became rougher, the steamer's decks were all smashed in, and there was every appearance that she would soon become a total wreck.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Percival Hart, Poltreen, the Lizard.



HER MAJESTY AMELIA, THE NEW QUEEN OF PORTUGAL



HIS MAJESTY CHARLES I., THE NEW KING OF PORTUGAL

#### THE DEATH OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

Nina, hanging some way back, could see them being presented to Miss Burgoyne.

## "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

### CHAPTER XV.

"LET THE STRICKEN DEER GO WEEP."

BUT if Lionel regarded this constant association with Nina—this unreserved discussion of all their private affairs—even the sort of authority and guidance he exercised over her at times—as so simple and natural a thing that it was unnecessary to pause and ask whither it might tend, what about Nina herself? She was quite alone in this country; she had more regard for the future than he had; what if certain wistful hopes, concealed almost from herself, had sprung up amidst all this intimate and frankly affectionate companionship? One morning she and Estelle were walking in to Regent-street, to examine proofs of certain photographs that had been taken of them both (for *Clara* figured in the shop-windows now as well as *Catherine Crépin*). Nina was very merry and vivacious on this sufficiently bright forenoon; and to please Estelle she was talking French—her French being fluent enough, if it was not quite perfect as to accent. They were passing along Piccadilly when she stopped at a certain shop.

"Come, I show you something," she said.

Estelle followed her in. The moment the shopman saw who this was he did not wait to be questioned.

"It is quite ready, Miss; I was just about to send it down."

He brought forward the double loving-cup that Lionel had given to Nina; and as the young lady took it into her hands she glanced at the rim. Yes; the inscription was quite right: "*From Leo to Nina*"—that was the simple legend she had had engraved.

"Here is the cup I spoke of, Estelle: is it not beautiful? And then I would not trouble Lionel to have the inscription made—I told him I would have it done myself, and asked him what the words should be—behold it!"

The cup was duly admired and handed back to be sent down to Sloane Street; then Estelle and she left the shop together.

"Oh, yes, it is very beautiful," said the former, continuing to speak in her native tongue; "and a very distinguished present; but there is something still more piquant that he will be buying for you ere long—can you not guess, Nina?—no?—not a wedding-ring?"

The audacity of the question somewhat disconcerted Nina; but she met it with no sham denial, no affected protest.

"He has not spoken to me, Estelle," Nina said, gravely and simply. "And sometimes I ask myself if it is not better we should remain as we are—we are such good friends and companions. We

are happy; we have plenty to occupy ourselves with; why undertake more serious cares? Perhaps that is all that Lionel thinks of it; and if it is so, I am content. And then sometimes, Estelle, I ask myself if it would not be better for him to marry—when he has made his choice, that is to say; and I picture him and his young wife living very happily in a quite small establishment—perhaps two or three rooms, only, in one of those large buildings in Victoria Street—and everything very pretty around them, with their music and their occupations and the visits of friends. Would not that be for him a life far more satisfactory than his present distractions—the gaieties and amusements—the invitations of strangers?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" her companion cried, with instant assent.

"Ah, Nina, I can see you the most charming young house-mistress—I can see you receive your guests when they come for afternoon music—you wear a tea-gown of brocade the colour of wall-flower, with cream-coloured lace—you speak French, English, Italian as it is necessary for this one and that—your musical reunions are known everywhere. Will Madame permit the poor Estelle to be present?—Estelle, who will not dare to sing before those celebrated ones, but who will applaud, applaud—in herself a prodigious *claque*! And now, behold! Miss Burgoyne arrives—Miss Burgoyne in grand state—and nevertheless you are her dear Nina, her charming friend, although in her heart she hates you for having carried off the handsome Lionel!"

"Estelle," said Nina, gently, "you let your tongue run away. When I picture to myself Lionel in the future, I leave the space beside him empty. Who is to fill it?—perhaps he has never given a thought to that. Perhaps it will always be empty; perhaps one of his fashionable friends will suddenly appear there, who knows? He does not seem ever to look forward; if I remonstrate about his expenditure, he laughs. And why should he give me things of value? I am not covetous. If he wishes to express kindness, is not a word better than any silver cup? If he wishes to be remembered when he is absent, would not the smallest message sent in a letter be of more value than a bracelet with sapphires?"

"Oh, Nina," her companion exclaimed, laughing, "what a thing to say!—that you would rather have a scrap of writing from Lionel Moore than a bracelet with sapphires!"

"No, Estelle, I did not," Nina protested, rather indignantly; "I was talking of the value of presents generally, and of their use, or uselessness."

"And yet you seemed very proud of that loving-cup, Nina, and of the inscription on it," Estelle said, demurely; and there

the subject ended; for they were now approaching the photographers.

It was a Saturday night that Honnor Cunyngham and her mother—who had come up from Brighton for a few days—had been induced to fix for their visit to the New Theatre; and as the evening drew near, Lionel became more and more anxious, so that he almost regretted having persuaded them. All his other troubles and worries he could at once carry to Nina, whose cheerful common-sense and abundant courage made light of them and lent him heart; but this one he had to ponder over by himself; he did not care to tell Nina with what concern he looked forward to the impressions, that Miss Cunyngham might form of himself and his surroundings when brought immediately into contact with these. And yet he was not altogether silent.

"You see how it is, Nina," he said, in tones of deep vexation. "That fellow Collier has been allowed to gag and gag until the whole piece is filled with his music-hall tomfoolery, and the music has been made quite subsidiary. I wonder Lehmann doesn't get a lot of acrobats and conjurers, and let Miss Burgoyne and you and me stop at home. *The Squire's Daughter* is really a very pretty piece, with some delightful melody running through it; but that fellow has vulgarised it into the lowest burlesque."

"What does it matter to you, Leo?" Nina said. "What he does is separate from you. He cannot vulgarise your singing."

"But he makes all that clowning of his so important—it has become so big a feature of the piece that any friends of yours coming to see the little opera might very naturally say, 'Oh, is this the kind of thing he figures in? This is an intellectual entertainment, truly!'"

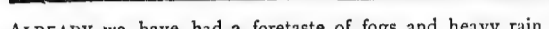
"But you do not join in it, Leo!" Nina protested.

"In the most gagging scene of all, I've got to stand and look on the whole time!" he said.

"Oh, no, Leo," Nina said, with mock sympathy, "you can listen to Miss Burgoyne as she talks to you from behind her fan."

"Those two ladies I told you of," he continued, "who are coming on Saturday night—I begin to wish I hadn't asked them to come behind; but I thought it might be a sort of inducement. Miss Cunyngham was very kind to me when I was in the Highlands; and this was all I could think of; but I don't think she has much of the frivolous curiosity of her sisters-in-law; and I am not sure her mother and she would even care much for the honour of having tea in Miss Burgoyne's room. No, I wish I hadn't asked them—"





HOLDING a brief for the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. W. S. Lilly can naturally see no good thing in "A Century of Revolution" (Chipman and Hall). Even toleration he refuses to credit to Voltaire, or even to Montaigne, with his "après tout c'est mettre ses figures à très haut prix que d'en faire cuire un homme tout vivant." Of course, he is right in claiming that "religious liberty is the essence of the principle for which Christ died;" but when he asks: "It is the bread which He cast upon the waters of Time, and we have found it after many days," the Voltairian may well retort: "Yes, indeed, you were a long time finding it. In fact, but for us you would never have found it at all." While the book, however, is nominally an indictment against French ideas and the French Revolution, it is really an attack on Mr. John Morley. Whether he is discussing "The Revolution and Liberty," or "The Revolution and Science," or "The Revolution and Religion," &c., it is always from Mr. Morley that Mr. Lilly quotes and against him that he inveighs. Some of his inferences verge on the grotesque. Thus because in his "Voltaire" Mr. Morley speaks of the "medieval superstition about punty"—a phrase sufficiently explained by the context, because Mr. Morley says (and, as he means the words, says truly) "The Catholic idea of womanhood is inadequate to the facts of life," therefore, we are told, "paternity is of as little account as marriage in the New Gospel"—of which we are to infer that Mr. Morley is prophet and exponent. Mr. Lilly is a slashing hitter, and in a certain way eloquent, and in his denunciations of M. Zola and the "naturalists" we can heartily join, though we would throw in with that much and deservedly-abused school many whose works



CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON, IV.  
DRAWN BY PAUL RENOIRARD

and not fashioned at the elbow. Many of these cloaks are trimmed with Astrakan. As for some years past, velvet is the material *par excellence* for dressy mantles and cloaks; they are either trimmed with handsome chenille fringe or fur; large hanging sleeves lined with satin have a very stylish appearance on tall, commanding figures, but should be avoided by a little woman, especially if she is stout.

Some very pretty felt hats were shown to us. One was a large flat white felt hat, with a scroll design in black velvet on the wide Empire brim, the crown was encircled by white feathers, one curling softly over the back of the hair. Equally pretty was the same design in grey felt and feathers. A charming hat was of terracotta felt, with black feathers and terra cotta ribbons.

A very stylish bonnet was of black velvet, with a jet coronet round the brim. The bonnet-shapes are for the most part very small, but trimmed to look high. The oft-condemned fashion of trimming with birds is again to the fore. We recently saw a black felt hat with a wide brim turned up all round, and ornamented with six small blackbirds with open beaks.

A bewitching set of *lingerie* prepared for a wedding trousseau consisted of nightgowns made with one large pleat in the centre, three moderately broad tucks on either side, like a man's shirt, the centre pleat edged with a narrow band of pink batiste, large sailor-collars, bordered with a very open insertion, and a pink band, long strings to match, tied in a large bow; the sleeves trimmed to correspond. Blue or buff may be used, but pink washes the best. Other gowns were made with plastrons to fasten at the side, embroidered with tiny stars in red, and blue cotton collar and cuffs to match, edged with festoons of red and blue; chemises and knickerbockers to match both these dainty gowns.

There is a great variety in the shape of sleeves, the newest style are loose to the elbow and tight from thence to the wrist. A useful variation is to cut the sleeve quite straight, without the formed elbow, to trim the cuff on the *inside*, and thus to be enabled to turn it up short or long at pleasure.



MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S "The Master of Ballantrae" (1 vol.: Cassell and Co.) is a romance both of psychology and of adventure—it is difficult, and fortunately needless, to say which supplies the basis. For it is solely by the means of the characters that the situations are rendered possible, and only by means of the given incidents that the characters could have obtained their complete dramatic development. This is art of the highest order; and more than avails, by its resulting interest, to cover certain faults in the construction in the story which, even as they stand, are sufficiently formidable. The tragedy of the House of Durrdeer unquestionably demanded the closest concentration of its action; Scotland and the American plantations as they were after Culloden were surely enough without the importation of an East Indian element; and the dramatic effect would have been far better preserved by constituting the old steward—an excellent piece of unconscious self-portraiture, by the way—sole narrator and chorus, than by making him share the *role* with others, among whom the Irish soldier of fortune challenges too close a comparison with certain masterpieces of Thackeray. The always rather oppressive effect of a doomed race is rendered intensely vivid and brilliant by the separate scenes which mark the progress of the story, and the quarrel and the candle-light duel between the two brothers should alone suffice to make a novel's reputation; as, from a very different point of view, should the singularly pathetic change of relation between the husband and the wife who married with worse than no love on her side, and ended in its becoming her one thought to give a little peace and happiness to him to whom her love, once so craved for, had become as nothing. The story is not for those who are afraid of a tragedy; but it is tragedy of the true, that is to say, of the inevitable, kind; and it is full enough of picturesque and striking incident for the most insatiable appetite to rise from it more than satisfied. If it lacks the crowning touch of perfection—as it certainly does, though it might be difficult to place the finger precisely upon the want—it is a great thing to say of a story that one thinks of it in connection with perfection, though unattained.

"The Web of Life: or, the Story of Peter Holgate's Love," by Blanche Atkinson (1 vol.: Orpington: George Allen) has, it will be observed, the distinction of being issued by the publisher especially identified with Mr. Ruskin; an exceptional privilege, so far as our experience goes, for a work of fiction. And, as in duty bound, Peggy Meredith, who takes the *role* of heroine, is not only described as a diligent student of the "Stones of Venice" and other works of the Master, but as able to quote from them at pleasure, and, when she has an opportunity, of making experiments of her own in social and political economy. Fortunately, however, the claims of the novel to notice are by no means confined to being pervaded with the atmosphere of Orpington. It is a really clever and thoughtful work, no doubt considerably the result of reading but of intelligent reading, and by no means that of one who is satisfied with taking opinions at second hand. The plot can scarcely be called strong, if only because it depends so much upon that most absurd of all the conventions of fiction, namely, that illegitimacy compels a man of honour to break the heart of the woman he loves rather than marry her. For the rest, it is ingenious, as showing the hidden bearings of apparently remote influences, and the wheels within wheels of which the machinery of life is composed. And the separate situations are excellent—by way of particular example, that in which Peggy and Miss Priscilla find themselves doomed to a state of wealth to which they do not know how to adapt themselves. The novel is altogether decidedly above the average; and it is suggestive as well as interesting.

"To Him that Overcometh," by "Mona" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.) is, for some undiscoverable reason, written throughout in the present tense; for it is hardly to be supposed that "Mona" intended, of set purpose, to be irritating. Its interest centres upon the good old theme of an exchange of babies—its originality, upon the fact that, contrary to custom, the exchange sets things right instead of wrong. All that was wanted were a few explanations, which are obtained by a machinery of complicated coincidences sufficient to set straight the affairs of an empire rather than of a nursery. A more unsympathetic lot of people more perversely engaged in making a more needless fuss would be hard to find.

"The Crime of Keziah Keene," by Mrs. Vere Campbell (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), not only in name, but in motive, suggests the well-known novel called "Mrs. Keith's Crime," inasmuch as, in both cases, the heroine prefers to be herself a murderess, rather than that the being she loves best should suffer. We are by no means sure that these cases of conscience are, under any conditions, wholesome food for the general reader: and the present novel, at any rate, is written in an only too-appropriately morbid manner. The story is exceedingly thin, but, slight as it is, it is told so cloudily as to require a great deal more mental effort to follow it than is worth bestowing.

"Deborah Death," an anonymous novel published in one volume by Dillingham, of New York, is an uncompromising ghost story with a psychological motive, and, though suggestive of current

mystical speculations, is not over-burdened with them. Indeed, the author possesses something altogether incomparable with them; that is to say, a considerable touch of the humour which is the more effective by reason of its grave self-concealment. A blundering ghost, who haunts the wrong person, is certainly a novelty, and we think that the serious treatment is decidedly better than the more obviously farcical method. It is a little to be regretted that the obviously American author has quite unnecessarily chosen to lay his scene in London, because his characters cannot help talking and thinking American to an extent which interferes with the requisite sense of realism. But this does not detract from the novelty of his plot, or the vigorous eccentricity of his portraiture.

### A SUNDAY IN ATHENS

If you proceed for a few yards in a southerly direction down the short street of the Thôkæans, which crosses the long street of Hirmès, you arrive at the Megalè Métropolis, or Cathedral, of Athens, where our Sunday may orthodoxly begin. This edifice, which dates from about the middle of the present century, is said to have been composed from the materials of seventy demolished churches and chapels, according to the designs of four different architects; and it is, therefore, not surprising that its style should show some heterogeneity—the columns and Roman arches of its *façade*, for instance, harmonising ill with the Byzantine character of the remainder. Outside it is painted striatedly red and yellow, in imitation of the Constantinopolitan Agia Sophia; while, inside, its gaudy windows display the large wafer pattern so common in the stained glass of mosques. Its other decorations are tastelessly magnificent.

On the occasion of our first visit they were supplemented by suspended palm-leaves floating from every coign of vantage; for it was Palm Sunday, the beginning of the "Great Week," when the Patriarch of Constantinople sends hither the consecrated myrtle-bough—one of the few privileges remaining to the former Head of the Greek national Church, which now rules itself by a home Synod. The congregation, too, had all provided themselves with symbolical sprays of evergreen, which a long-bearded Papas was selling at a table in the portico, surrounded by numerous vendors of cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats. To judge by the piles of *lepta* and *pentarai*, he was at this time doing much the brisker business. However, his success apparently excited no ill-feeling among his lay competitors.

We came rather late, and soon afterwards a monk in a black hood began to preach out of an extremely high pulpit, beneath which his hearers stood, for there were no seats. His voice and delivery were good, and his Greek periods rolled richly and sonorously. Then the priests and choir, who were not easily visible in the *conche* behind the *templeon*, or three-doored screen, chanted, of course without accompaniment—the "kist o' whistles," and all substitutes for it, being rigorously excluded from Greek churches. Their singing was not particularly good, and abounded in strange, unfinished-sounding cadences, always shunning a return to the key-note. But the splendour of their vestments, in which green was the prevailing colour, far exceeded our powers of description; and this made it seem all the harder that the few women present, who would probably have been their most appreciative admirers, were allowed to stand only a little way within the door, where they could scarcely have caught a glimpse of a single robe, even when its wearer emerged from behind the screen to swing his flashing censer. Not far from the place assigned to the women was a very sacred silver picture of the Panagia (the Virgin), which everybody kissed devoutly upon going in or out. It was in charge of a small old man, who at intervals polished it up with a cloth. He had also under his supervision a sort of stand, or framework, into which he stuck the tapers that many people brought him, and permitted them to burn for a few minutes, before he thriftily extinguished them.

When this service had ended, towards noon, we looked into the tiny chapel called the Mikra Métropolis, or Panagia Gorgopiko, which stands close beside the Cathedral, as little St. Peter's Church beside York Minster. It is absurdly small, with a dome like a fair-sized bell-glass, and was erected in the thirteenth century by Duke Otho de la Roche, but may be considered to have had a sort of pre-existence, by virtue of the fact that it was constructed exclusively of Grecian antiquities, fragmentary pillars, friezes, stelæ—such building materials, in short, as are at the present moment strewn in front of the new Central Museum. An archaic calendar surmounts the doorway, and through the interior dimness loom figures of warriors, athletes, sacrificial victims, interspersed with Byzantine crosses and symbols, producing an effect the converse of those half-effaced Christian frescoes in the Agia Sophia mosque. Its diminutive porch was almost blocked up with stacks of huge tapers.

Insignificant as are its proportions, however, they seem quite imposing compared with those of many churches to be found in country districts. These are, for the most part, unpretentious buildings; in fact, an Irish cabin, or Highland shieling, if slightly elongated and tiled instead of thatched, might well pass for one of them. Their windows are at least equally small and infrequent, a dim religious light being insured by the simple expedient of inserting merely two or three panes of such a size that you could cause a total eclipse with the palm of your hand. The only attempt at exterior decoration consists in the application to their walls of the favourite red and yellow streaks; but the execution of this not intrinsically beautiful design is evidently often entrusted to amateur artists, whose outlines are so very wobbly and irregular that the result of their labour becomes less ornamental than grotesque. The steam-tramway between Athens and Phaleron runs close by Agia Eleusa, a specimen of these queer little country churches.

Outside the churches there is nothing very distinctive about the aspect of Sunday in Athens, which seems to wear a more or less festal garb all the week through. The Salvation Army has not yet, we believe, arrived, but we did see one street preacher addressing a small assembly in front of the University. Moreover, a Dr. B., of New York, had acquainted the English-speaking inhabitants of Athens with his intention "to hold an informal service in the midst of Mars Hill." And, in the course of that afternoon, we beheld from the Akropolis three or four unmistakably British subjects, of solemn and resolute mien, ascending the rocky steps which lead up to the low plateau traditionally identified with the Areopagos. It was just then blowing so hard that much of the modern St. Paul's eloquence must, one would think, have been borne ineffectually into the Saronic Gulf, an unkind fate which has, no doubt, in times past fallen many winged words sent forth from the *bema* on the neighbouring Pnyx.

But the wind did not prevent the white city beneath from filling, a little later on, with the colour and stir of variegated and vivacious crowds. The two principal squares—of Concord and of the Constitution—are connected by two parallel streets—the University Boulevard and the Stadion—and round and round the former, and up and down the latter, is the fashionable promenade. In the one square perform military bands; to the other *défilé* is given by the vicinity of the Royal Palace and much martial activity. Here well-to-do Athens seems never weary of sauntering, saluting acquaintances, and looking in at the shop-windows, though we must own that the contents of these are not as a rule interesting, the most attractive wares being photographs, amongst which, at

the time of our visit, portraits of the latest archaeological "find" alternated with those of the *Diadochos* (Crown Prince) and his *fiancée*. Here, too, may sometimes be seen the spectacle of King Georgios himself driving, or even walking, unguarded among his subjects, thus implying a state of things not easily realisable by his crown-wearing neighbours, Czar and Sultan, "much to fears inclined."

As the day advances towards sunset, the crowds tend to grow denser and more diverse, until the motley thoroughfares become almost bewildering study. Not that Sunday in Athens offers a particularly favourable opportunity for noting varieties of the national garb, go-to-meeting raiment here taking the form of common-place Western finery, instead of being, as in country villages, an elaboration of the characteristic local costume. Still, even where tweed "dittos" and tall bonnets do most abound, there are always visible unsophisticated Turks and Albanians enough to make up, with the assistance of its accessory priests and soldiers, a scene from which the unaccustomed eye will not quickly turn aside. Itinerant merchants, with their stocks-in-trade, lend not a little of its brilliancy and animation. On our Sunday, stalls were already blushing with piles of pink Easter-eggs, and great plumes of *louloudhia pascha* (lilac) predominated in the bouquets of the flower sellers. Oranges glowed everywhere in Turner-esque profusion, some of them stationary upon the trees in the square garden, but many more perambulating upon the backs of donkeys. You saw slowly moving along a large cluster of eight or nine deep, funnel-shaped panniers, filled alternately with oranges and lemons, forming a symmetrical pattern of shaded yellows, beneath which four slender dark legs totter unobtrusively, whilst at one end fitful glimpses may be caught of a smooth, sleek head, meekly nodding acquiescence in, though, perhaps, scarcely approbation of, its worldly lot. Small green shoeblacks were clamorous at the street corners; other little boys ran about with twisted rolls—possibly the classical *strepta*—strung on long poles; and, altogether, things were at their liveliest, when the sun "quitted them abruptly," whereupon the stars rushed out with their usual precipitance, and our observations on an Athenian Sunday ended, as one's travelling days so commonly do, amid the clatter of plates and knives in the *salle-à-manger*.

O. B.



MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—Mr. F. Corder scored an undoubted success with "The Sword of Argantyr," a dramatic cantata in four scenes, which was written for, and produced at, the Leeds Festival. This cantata has already been exhaustively reviewed. It is sufficient to say that the edition, with its pianoforte accompaniment, is well got up, and will give choral societies an opportunity of adding this excellent and important work to their repertory.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A worthy companion for the above, on a less elaborate scale, is "The Sacrifice of Freia;" words by Francis Hueffer, music by William Creser. This cantata was also composed for, and successfully performed at, the Leeds Festival. Here, again, the work has been reviewed, and a favourable verdict passed upon it. We may hope to hear it in London more than once during the winter season.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Toilers of the Sea" is a dramatic tale of the sea, with a tragical ending; words by Edward Oxenford, music by Henry Tolhurst. There is a very effective accompaniment to this song for the organ or harmonium.—By the same composer is "Good Night," a serenade of a somewhat ordinary type; the words are by Henry Hellingham (Messrs. Swan and Co.).—"Steadily Marching, Shoulder to Shoulder," is a spirited march-song, written and composed by Fred. Shaw and William S. Andersen. Volunteers will find this song encouraging when tramping along on a wet, cold night (Messrs. A. Toye and Co.).—"Ye that Stand in the House of the Lord," a full anthem, words from the 135th Psalm and Rev. xxv., music by Walter Spinney, is a composition of more than ordinary merit, and should be added to the list of useful anthems for all times and seasons wherever a choir of ordinary ability is to be found (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"Enone," gavotte, by F. H. Cliffe, is a very fair specimen of its well-worn school (Messrs. Ridgeway and Co.).—"Triumphal March," by Farren Lambert, is evidently the work of a young composer, and as such may be pronounced creditable (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—The very title of "Fairy Footsteps" is sufficient to attract juvenile players, with whom Claude Rielley is a well-established favourite. He has done well with three dainty pieces for small fingers. No. 1 is "Oberon," No. 2 is "Titania," and No. 3 "Puck." Teachers of the young owe a debt of thanks to this composer for his fascinating work for the schoolroom (Messrs. Banks and Son).—A *valse Espagnole*, "Christina," by Dan Godfrey, jun., promises to be one of the favourite waltzes of the season (Messrs. Francis Brothers and Day).

THE STATE APARTMENTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE will, after January 1st, be shown to the public on Saturdays—a great advantage to many people who are free only on the Saturday half-holiday.

PETROLEUM has been found in Queensland. When boring recently for water on a farm near Brisbane, an inflammable gas-spring was struck, closely resembling the product of the Pennsylvanian oil regions.

ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOMES AND FLORAL OFFERINGS to favourite actors and actresses are sternly discountenanced in Saxony. The artists at the Dresden State Theatre have been officially forbidden to accept bouquets and any token of admiration on the stage, or to recognise the presence of the audience in any way.

SCOTCH HERRINGS are likely to be pushed out of the foreign market by the Swedish and Norwegian fish. The Scottish curers are so eager to be first in the field at the beginning of the season that they do not wait to choose the finest fish, and often pack them before they are properly cured, so that the herrings arrive abroad in bad condition. On the other hand, the Swedish and Norwegian merchants have carefully copied the Scotch system of curing, but avoid the haste and carelessness. Their supplies, accordingly, are much better appreciated, in Germany in particular.

THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING EXHIBITION AT EDINBURGH, to be held next year in honour of the opening of the Forth Bridge, has met with such enthusiastic support that it will probably be carried out on a much larger scale than originally intended. The site is most convenient, being close to two railways—each of which will build a special station—and to the Union Canal, thus ensuring plenty of water for the machinery. It is in the district of Merchiston, in the outskirts of the city, and commands a fine view of the Pentlands. The Exhibition will consist of a large oblong building for the electrical engineering display proper, another for general exhibits, a concert hall, and numerous annexes. Exhibitions have been profitable undertakings in Scotland of late, and Glasgow is now planning a permanent Art and Industrial Museum to be built out of the 45,000% surplus from her late Exhibition.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WITH the publication of "Life and Phantasy" (Reeves and Turner), and of another volume now in the press, Mr. William Allingham's works will be completed, and finally arranged in six volumes, no volume containing anything which is to be found in any of the others. There are various modes of producing what a man is able to produce, he tells us in a prefatory note. "In my case," he says, "I have, as it were, gone on knitting, in the midst of other occupation, a little web of poetry for myself and those near me out of designs suggested by the influences of the passing hours." In "Life and Phantasy," will be found that pathetic poem, "George; In The Schoolfellows," first printed in *Household Words*. Mr. Allingham was much pleased with the great novelist's acknowledgment, which ran:—"I am happy to retain the poem, which is mournfully true, and has moved me very much. You shall have a proof without fail." Dickens took a right estimate of the power and sadness of the poem. Reflecting on the utter declension of his old friend, the poet observes:—

'Twas all a nightmare; all plain, wretched truth:  
And how to play physician? Where's the strength  
Repairs a slow self-ruin from without?  
The fall'n must climb innumerable steps,  
With humbleness, and diligence, and pain.  
How help him to the first of all that steep?

"Fairies" supply subjects for much bright verse. Other headings are "Natural Miracle," "Shadowings," "Places," "Bridegroom's Park," and so on. The frontispiece is by Sir John E. Millais; while "Fairies" is preceded by a design by Arthur H. Hughes. There is a song for the voice and pianoforte to the air "Colleen Dhas." The first verse of this, "The Old Tune," runs:—

'Mongst the green Irish hills I love dearly,  
At the close of a bright summer day,  
I heard an old tune lilted clearly,  
That sooth'd half my sorrows away.  
And far o'er the wide-rolling ocean  
Methinks I am hearing it now,  
As a farewell of tender emotion—  
"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow."

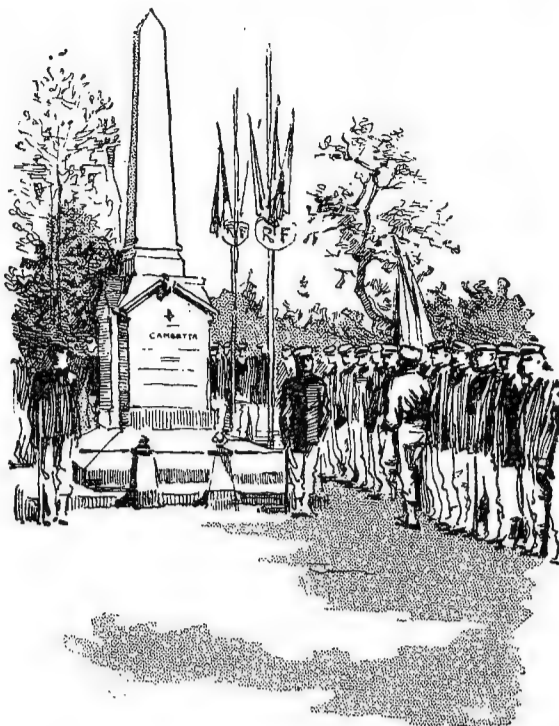
Mr. Thomas J. Macartney is the author of "A Bid for the Laureateship" (Simpkin, Marshall). In harmony with this modest title is the frontispiece from a photograph which shows the external form of the coming laureate. He has, however, some gifts as far as the rougher ballad is concerned, and "Tel-el-Kebir, the Battle of the Bayonet," is full of spirit, and is a pretty detailed account of that historic fray. There is want of finish, but still he puts so much Homeric vigour and life into the "Ballads of the Brave," that we hope Mr. Macartney's "bid" may bring him popularity, if not the mantle of Lord Tennyson.

We have received from Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. two issues of their "Platform Series," edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles; "The Overton Reciter" and "The Browning Reciter." The selections in the last book appear to be made with excellent judgment, and are admirably adapted to their purpose.

## THE CHANNEL BRIDGE

IN our issue of October 5th we gave an account of this stupendous project, together with plans showing the form which it is intended to take, if—a somewhat large "if," we must admit—it should ever be carried into execution. It takes two people to make a bridge, as to make a bargain; and though Frenchmen are doubtless willing to adopt any means of avoiding the terrors of the Channel passage, English affection for the "silver streak" may be

them as they passed over the lines of the troops who were besieging Paris. Gambetta's hand was grazed by a shot, and M. Spuller's balloon would have run imminent risk of capture or destruction had he not, by throwing out his overcoat, caused it to mount again.



Finally a descent was made at Epineuse, just beyond the German lines. Thence they were driven by friends to Montdidier, and finally took the train to Amiens. The memorial takes the place of an oak tree, which was regarded as a relic, because the balloon grappled it, but which has since been cut down.

## THE SILENT FRENCHMAN AND THE VIVACIOUS GERMAN

TIME was when the volubility of a Frenchman was proverbial; when to sit at a *tâble d'hôte* with a dozen French around one was to live for the time in a whirl of "irresponsible verbosity," light and airy, piquant or *méchant*; but ever onward went the chatter, unceasingly onward, with no power of stolid English phrase to stop it. To travel in a third-class railway carriage in France, then, as now for the matter of that, all open from compartment to compartment, was to be overwhelmed with the noise of a hundred tongues that o'er-mastered the whirr and rumble of the train. Incessantly onward flowed quip and repartee, a lively incident, or

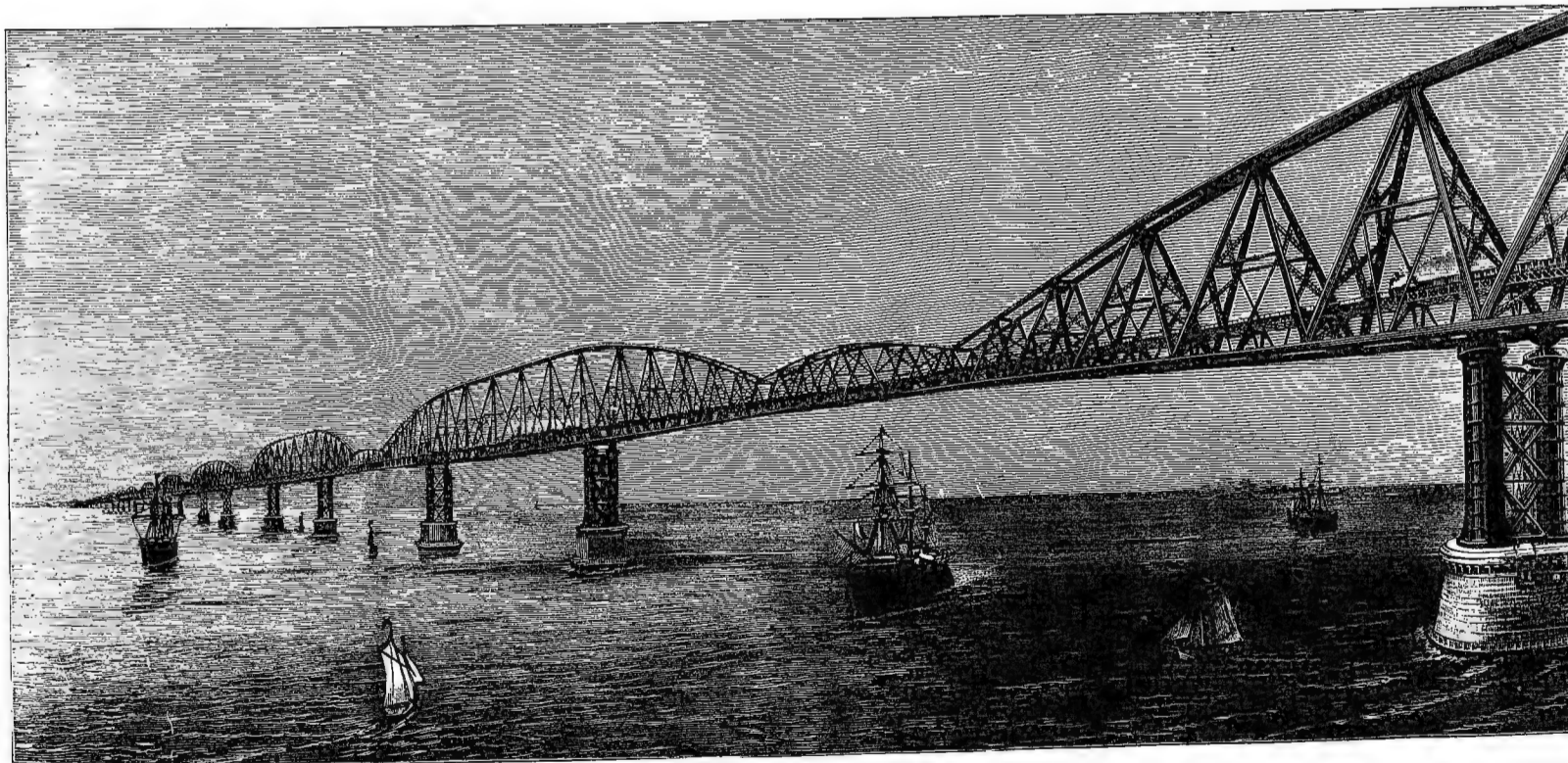
are still more noteworthy. Upon steamboats, in *cabots*, and especially in hotels, have the French become a silent nation. Studying this point for the past two years, and bringing it under the notice of others, it is strangely singular to conclude how wholly the nation has changed; for the observation has been made, not in one district, but in half of France.

Especially curious is it to reside in hotels of the middle-class, frequented perchance largely by *voyageurs de commerce*; a table is laid for, say, twenty or thirty guests. They come in one by one, these business men, without salute or *bon jour* or *soir*; take their seats in isolated positions, unless perhaps two intimate friends give a passing word; and when perchance fifteen guests are assembled, scattered at the most distant parts of the room, if its size will permit it, the dinner proceeds in silence; broken only by the waiter naming each course. And this same reserved silence is noted not only at commercial hotels, but at the sea-side *tables d'hôte*. At some of the most charming and picturesque, and especially at one of the most fashionable coast resorts, the English were the sole supporters of the conversation. In a table of forty guests a subdued word now and then seemed to satisfy the longing for speech of the French diners; and at a smaller table this year in a sea-side town the question was asked of an English resident, who was dining at one table, "Why do the French not talk?" He and his two English friends had been chattering continuously throughout the dinner, and when he answered, "Oh, they do," and his attention was called to the fact that no one hardly had spoken at that table, he could give no answer, but suggested that perhaps it was not agreeable. The strangest sign of all this reserve is that no salute is given on taking a seat at the table, or rising from it. How totally opposite is this to the statement by an English correspondent in the *Figaro* that "all our travellers are unanimous in declaring that in France they consider themselves 'at home,' whilst they feel themselves strangers in other countries; all the world recognises that for 'sociability' the Frenchman has 'no equal.'" The words "at home" and "sociability" the writer was compelled to give in English, the French presumably having no equivalent.

There are other signs that the coming generation of French are changing. At one of the fashionable resorts young French girls were to be seen playing tennis well and vigorously. Croquet was certainly the favourite game; but how opposed even such a game is to past French ideas was amusingly exemplified by a middle-aged lady, who was asked if she played tennis. "Mon Dieu, non!" she exclaimed. "You like croquet best?" was then ventured upon; but disdainfully she answered, "Je n'aime pas rester debout" ("I do not like to be standing"). Girls playing tennis is a healthy sign, and one still more healthy was the sight one summer evening, in the eastern centre of France, to see arrive, dust-stained, five or six well-built young fellows on bicycles. They wheeled quietly into the courtyard, dismounted, and were billeted upon different parts of the hotel, quietly and orderly. They looked far more likely to be of service to the State than the decorated dandy, and noisy, flippant, if witty youth (*petit crevé*) of past years.

How curious it is to cross the frontier into the Fatherland of the stolid German, and find here the very sociability so wanting in France. No German, we will not say educated—for who is not educated in Germany?—thinks of entering a room, or taking a seat at a table, without a salutation, the puzzling *Mahlzeit* in the north, and the *Guten Tag* or *Abend* elsewhere. And if you speak to your neighbour at dinner, it is not a reply of "Yes" or "No" you receive, but an answer that probably leads to conversation, and ere the "roast" comes on with the fresh green salad, the whole table is in an animated, if not noisy, talk.

An explanation of the word *Mahlzeit* may be given; it is a contraction of "God bless the meal-time," the word "meal-time"



too strong for the bridge, as it has hitherto been for the tunnel. At any rate our readers have now an opportunity of seeing what the Straits of Dover would look like when spanned by the mass of steel which M. Schneider, the well-known ironmaster of Creuzot, and M. Hesse, ex-President of the French Civil Engineers' Society, propose to throw across them. From Cape Grisnez to Folkestone it would cross the Channel at its narrowest and shallowest part; the widest spans would be about 1,638 feet, the narrowest 320 feet; the height above high-water mark would be 180 feet; the amount of metal required would be about a million tons; and the estimated cost is thirty-four millions sterling.

## MEMORIAL OF GAMBETTA'S BALLOON JOURNEY

ON Sunday, October 13th, there was unveiled at Epineuse, the village on the Oise where Gambetta alighted, a memorial of the balloon journey of October 7th, 1870. The ceremony was performed by M. Spuller, the Foreign Minister, who was a passenger in a second balloon which started at the same time as Gambetta's. It was a perilous journey. Shots and cannon-balls whistled round

village gossip; the new-arrivals were greeted heartily with a "Bon jour, m'sieur" or "dame," with a joke at their impedimenta, or their just having room enough in a well-packed compartment. Scent of garlic might pervade the whole carriage, but silence never. But "On a changé tout cela" in France. The experience of the last twenty years of life has altered the French, and made them a stolid people—far more stolid and silent than their neighbours, the Germans. Even amidst the crowds of pleasure-seekers who have swarmed within the grounds and courts of the Paris Exhibition this could be noticed; and if one penetrated, even in Exhibition time, into the business confines of the city—though here the sea of provincials and tourists rippled and broke up the ordinary course of city life—yet here most markedly could one see that Frenchmen nowadays can keep silence.

The city clerk comes in to his mid-day breakfast and takes his ordinary seat, in quiet tones orders his meal, and then sits silently, or takes up a paper before him and reads; no salute to his neighbour, either on entering or departing; and, instead of the noise of a hundred tongues that formerly compelled the waiters to shout their orders, only the quiet hum of a voice here and there, and sometimes almost silence.

But in the provinces the present reserve and silence of Frenchmen

alone surviving. In the business hotels the travellers do not affect isolated corners, but sit next to one another and chat. And what can be more jovial or vivacious than the meetings of singing unions or other societies in summer, in some old abbey ruin, or on some glorious *Aussicht* (view spot), where conviviality is soon infectious, and even a stranger has to join in the uprising and clinking of glasses.

One thing the German has to guard against in his conviviality, that it does not degenerate into excess and drunkenness: drinkers of beer in immense quantities; the Germans have always been, but drunkenness, at least publicly, was a rare sight: but twice lately, at various meetings that have ended in feasts, has the writer seen unpleasant examples of drunkenness in the Fatherland, and this in circles where in England drunkenness would have been considered an intense disgrace. But enough has been written to prove that no longer can Germans, indiscriminately, be described as stolid and silent, and the French as chatty and vivacious. With the latter's increasing stolidity perchance, ere long, we may see a change come over their literature, and a French novel may not necessarily be one that we cannot allow to *train* upon our table. A change to be longed for by all lovers of reading throughout the world.

J. B.



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Class 373. 1870 Gs. Class 37

## THEATRES

THE objections that were raised to the story of Mr. Will's *Ninon*, when this historical drama was produced at the Adelphi nine years ago, have not lost their force, though the play, as now revived by Miss Wallis at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, "for twelve nights only," has undergone some modifications. It is hard to make a heroine out of a lady who, for the best part of five acts, is engaged by cunning tricks and subtle wiles in winning the love of a gentleman, while she is secretly planning his destruction at the hands of the fierce Marat and his revolutionary cut-throats. *Ninon* has, it is true, the excuse that she has been provoked into her elaborate course of fraud and treachery by the belief that the Count de St. Cyr had been the cause of her sister's shame and untimely death; but her behaviour cannot possibly enlist sympathy; and, when at last the final discovery is made that the Count was wholly innocent of these charges, her position is certainly not improved. Under these circumstances the Count's continued admiration of this terrible personage savours rather of *opéra-louffe* than of serious drama. Miss Wallis, nevertheless, is able to interest the audience, thanks partly to the dramatic strength of the situations, and partly to her acting, which is always skilful and forcible, though the art is at times a little too apparent. Mr. William Herbert, whose style is a little hard, plays the part of the Count.

The ST. JAMES'S, which since Mr. Rutland Barrington's ill-starred experiment in management at the close of last year has been for the most part a prey to dust and silence, is at last to have a tenant. With the new year Mrs. Langtry, who has taken the house for one year certain, will assume the management, and make a resolute effort to restore its reputation as a fashionable resort. She will, we believe, open in *Esther Sandraz*, and will also play Rosalind; but we learn that she has one or two pieces in hand which will have the advantage of greater novelty.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's tour in America will extend to about eight months. Their performances in New York in *A Scrap of Paper* and *The Ironmaster* appear to have won great favour. A distinguished New York critic declares Mrs. Kendal's personal charm to be "not wholly physical, but in some sense temperamental, beamy, and internal." Another makes the odd complaint that Mr. Kendal's "chief defect" is "his too English pronunciation, which," it is added, "was at times unintelligible." The quality which Mr. Dixey calls "Quite English, you know," is evidently not for all Anglo-Saxon markets.

A great constellation of talent, both histrionic and musical, will appear at the *matinée* to be given at the AVENUE on Thursday next for the benefit of Miss Maude Brennan. This accomplished actress sustained an unfortunate accident in New York last January, which has incapacitated her for her professional duties, and she is at this time an in-patient of a London hospital.

Not since those literary Siamese twins Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrian were found to be severed, and at war, has anything so shocking been heard as the rumour—we are bidden to note that it is as yet "only a rumour"—that Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan are about to fall asunder. There is a theatre now building by Mr. D'Oyly Carte in Shaftesbury Avenue, wherein it is said that Sir Arthur will produce operas with the aid of other librettists,

while Mr. Gilbert will cling to the SAVOY, and give his mind to burlesques.

Mr. Clement Scott has undertaken to write some of the songs for the Christmas pantomime at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will, it is said, follow Mr. Pinero's example by giving a lecture on his own pieces.

Mrs. Bancroft's intention of returning to the stage is, it appears, at present only an intention. Come when she will she may be sure of a cordial welcome. We thought we had parted with her once and for all when she and her husband took that farewell at the HAYMARKET four years ago; but then our feelings did not allow us to read our playbill carefully. Had we done so, or had we listened critically to Mr. Bancroft's plaintive utterances, we should have known that this popular couple were only retiring "from management."

More suburban theatres are talked of. The latest scene of the outbreak of this peculiar epidemic is stated to be the Old Kent Road.

The old nursery stories used to be good enough for us all at pantomime time; but Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Harry Nicholls, who are engaged on the book of the next Drury Lane "annual," have determined to engraft upon "Jack and the Beanstalk" the fairy business of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The exertions of Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his coadjutors at the recent Maddison Morton benefit at the HAYMARKET have resulted in the presentation to the veteran author of *Box and Cox* of a sum of £250.

While Mr. Boucicault's copyrights in some of the best-known, though not the most popular, of his dramatic works have been selling in London by public auction at what a Frenchman would call "derisory" prices, the veteran author has been expounding in New York his views on "Theatres, Halls, and Audiences." Mr. Boucicault is decidedly opposed to large theatres. Audiences now-a-days have been taught to appreciate the delicacies of good acting, and, as a consequence, to dislike the coarse exaggerations without which acting on vast stages seems simply weak and colourless. With the exception of houses that produce "great show pieces," Mr. Boucicault very justly observes that extravagantly-large theatres are equally bad for "the manager, the actor, the playwright, and the public."

Mr. Cecil Raleigh's burlesque, with Mr. Slaughter's music, which is in preparation at the ROYALTY, under the new management of Mr. Arthur Roberts, is entitled *The New Corsican Brothers*—"new," we presume, because predecessors in this field have already laid hands on Dumas's melodrama.

*La Tosca* is now in active rehearsal at the GARRICK, where Mrs. Bernard Beere will probably make her appearance as the terrible heroine towards the end of next month. The horrors of the torture scene are said to have been in some degree mitigated by Mr. Hare in mercy to his patrons.

Failing in the attempt to put a poll-tax on foreign rivals, the American managers have succeeded in inducing the Boston Custom House to levy duty on Mr. Wilson Barrett's scenery—estimated at over three hundred tons' weight—an article hitherto permitted to pass free under the heading of "tools of trade." In this rather shabby way, a sort of protective impost is established for the benefit

of the "native historian," as an American puts it. There is, however, to be an appeal.

Miss Loie Fuller, who made her first appearance on the English stage in the double capacity of manager and leading actress at the GLOBE Theatre on Tuesday evening, proved to be a very clever and original performer; but unfortunately the American play, entitled *Caprice*, did not give satisfaction.

## CHURCH

THE PRIMATE commenced his second Visitation of his Diocese on Tuesday at Canterbury. A special service was held in the Cathedral, and his Grace subsequently delivered his Charge in the south-east transept to the Dean and Chapter, the Hon. Canons, and the whole of the staff on the Cathedral foundation. The Archbishop, in the course of his address, alluded in enthusiastic terms to the success of the Lambeth Conference, which had shown the Prelates of the whole world to be "abreast with tough problems of modern life." His Grace went on to urge the importance of increased endeavours to bring the good influences of the Church to bear upon such problems as poverty, intemperance, and impurity, and to draw a vivid picture of modern vice, and of the opportunities of wealth to mitigate the miseries of the poor, while it remained for the Church to "silence bickerings, and postpone controversies, in order to devote her energies to such problems, and to strike out agencies for their solving."

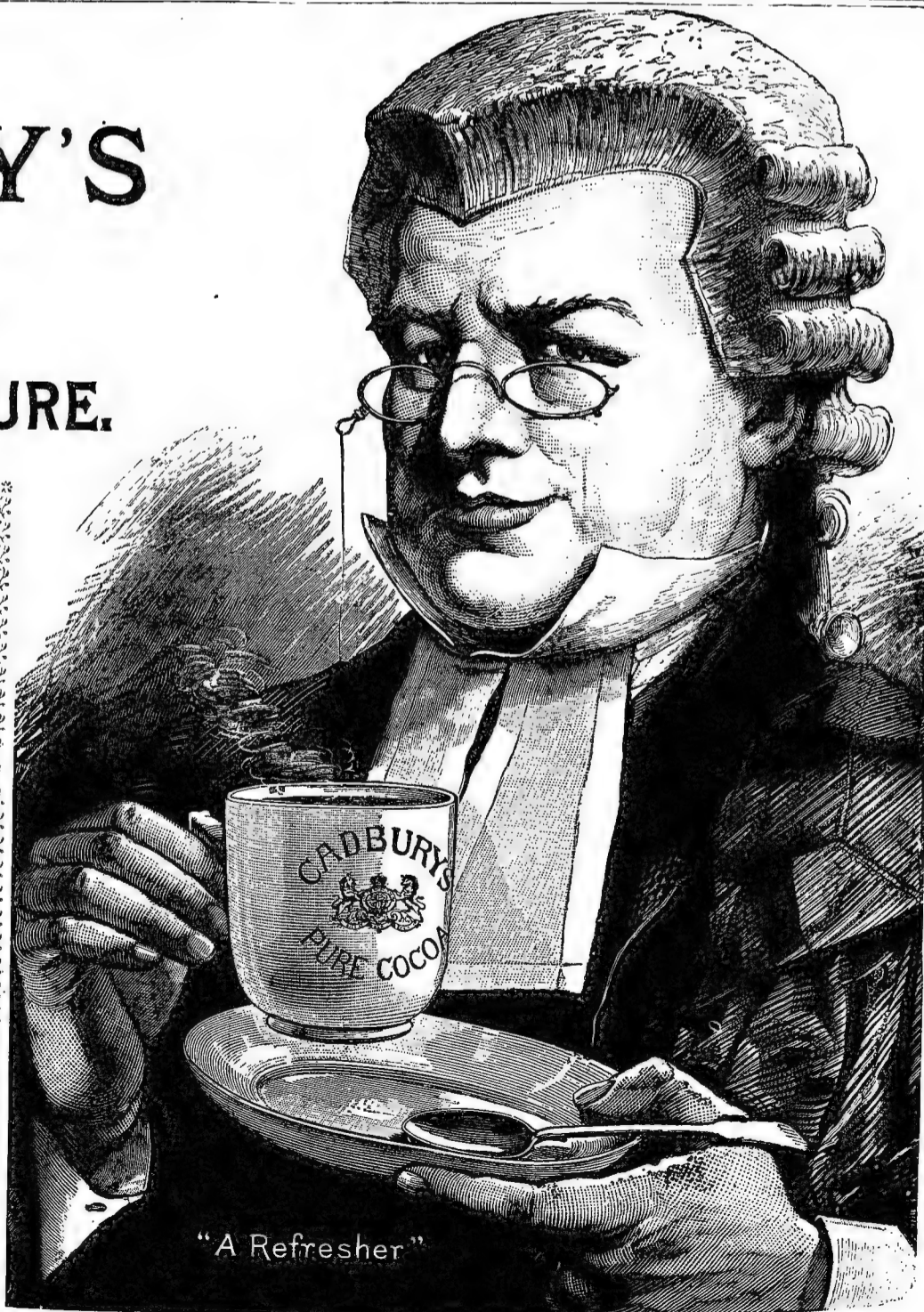
THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH has written to the newspapers to appeal for help for the clergy of his Diocese. "Starvation," his lordship asserts, represents the condition to which the Welsh clergy have been brought by the tithe agitation. And there can be no doubt whatever that there is no necessity to exaggerate the facts to justify the Bishop's appeal. The stipend of the Welsh clergy was at best but a pittance, and this has been reduced almost to nothing by the present condition of affairs. The fund which has been opened is being liberally supported.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S new church at Clumber, which has been erected at a cost of 40,000*l.*, was on Tuesday opened with a special dedicatory service, in which the Bishops of Southwell and Lincoln took part. A procession of clergy and choirs from the mansion to the church was headed by incense and candle bearers, and a crucifix and banner of the Blessed Sacrament and the Virgin were also carried. After the service, which was conducted by the Bishop of Southwell, who also preached, there was a choral celebration of the Holy Communion, the ritual being very high, including the elevation of the elements, the bell being tolled as in Roman Catholic churches, and the "Agnus Dei" sung. The Duke has, it is stated, determined not to have his church consecrated, as legal consecration, once performed, makes a building the inalienable property of the Established Church. St. Mary's, Clumber, is only to be "dedicated," and will remain the Duke's personal property.

A BILL FOR THE RECOVERY OF TITHE RENT CHARGE is to be introduced next Session, at the instance of a number of influential Churchmen. At a meeting lately held at Westminster, under the presidency of the Earl of Selborne, it was decided to take steps to urge upon the Government the imperative necessity of carrying such a measure as speedily as possible.

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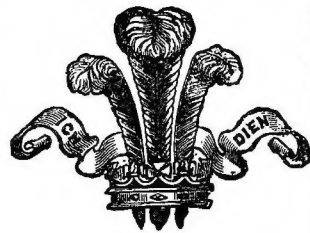
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spotless, clear, smooth, supple, healthy, and comfortable.  
Tablets Sixpence. Sold everywhere.  
  
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**BAG PIPE**  
Carriage Free, 2s. 9d.  
BILSLAND & CO.,  
RUBBER MANU-  
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99, PRINCES STREET  
EDINBURGH.



**CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.**—The commencement of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace marks the opening of the winter musical season. This year the Sydenham performances began a week later than usual, in order not to clash with the last performance of the Leeds Festival. Eleven concerts only will consequently be given before Christmas, the other thirteen being reserved until after the New Year. On stepping last Saturday to his place in the orchestra, Mr. Manns, who, since 1855, has so successfully filled the post of conductor at the Crystal Palace, was greeted with round upon round of applause. The programme was for the most part composed of favourite works, together with one novelty, that is to say, an orchestral interlude from M. Massenet's opera, *Esclarmonde*. The audience were, however, hardly in a position to properly judge of M. Massenet's latest stage composition from a mere *entr'acte*, which, it seems, opens the second act of the opera, and is based upon the *motif* typical of the love of the Princess of Byzantium for the hero, Roland. Madame Roger-Miclos, who had already played at the Covent Garden Concerts, made, on Saturday, her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and played M. Saint-Saëns's second concerto in G minor. The second movement—that is to say, the *allegro scherzando*, which is always the most popular section of this work, went especially well. An admirable performance was likewise given by the famous orchestra of Beethoven's symphony in C minor; and included in the scheme were also Sterndale Bennett's now too rarely heard *Wood Nymph* overture, and the prelude to *Tannhäuser*, which was originally produced exactly forty-four years ago at Dresden. Mr. Edward Lloyd, the vocalist, gave a magnificent delivery of the Prayer from *Rienzi*, and also of Mr. Manns's vocal serenade, "O, Moon of Night," for which applause was liberally showered upon both vocalist and composer.

**PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—The Promenade Concert season at Her Majesty's will close this week. Some interesting performances have, however, been given. On Friday last Mr. F. H. Cowen, for example, conducted a wholly satisfactory rendering of his popular *Scandinavian* symphony. On Monday a programme of Mr. Alfred Cellier's works was announced, and on Tuesday the orchestral suite and waltz which have gained the prizes recently offered by the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre were performed for the first time. The waltz proved to be from the pen of Mr. Edward Seymour, and the *Rustic Suite*, based upon Wordsworth's *Excursion*, is by Mr. Ferdinand L. Dunkley, a young gentleman of twenty, who is still a scholar at the Royal College of Music. The *Suite* is in five brief movements, of which the second, entitled "The Village Wake," the third a "Funeral Dirge," and the fourth a "Romance," with the motto, "One on whose mild radiance many gazed with hope, and all with pleasure," were more interesting than the opening section, and a more or less feeble *finale*.

At Covent Garden military-band music is now being made a feature, seven military bands being engaged nightly for the *pot pourri* entitled *The Battle of Waterloo*. At the classical concert last week Dvorák's symphony in D was included in the programme. This week's classical scheme included Beethoven's symphony in A and pianoforte pieces by Liszt, Chopin, and Handel, announced to be performed by Madame Roger-Miclos.

**SEÑOR SARASATE'S CONCERTS.**—The first of three concerts

was given by Señor Sarasate on Saturday, and it attracted an audience which almost filled St. James's Hall. The programme included M. Saint-Saëns's Sonata in D minor, Op. 75, first introduced here by the composer and Herr Peiniger, in which the third movement was again far better appreciated than the rest of a more or less unequal work. The best performance of the afternoon was that of Schubert's beautiful Fantasia in C, Op. 159, in which the distinguished Spanish violinist and Madame Berthe Marx the pianist showed how completely they were in sympathy with the music and each other.

**DEATH OF HENSELT.**—News has been received in London of the death, on the 10th inst., of the famous pianist and composer Adolph Henselt. Henselt twice visited London, once in 1852, and again in 1867, but his singularly retiring disposition prevented him from appearing here in public. In private circles, however, he was frequently heard, more especially in his own music. Henselt's pianoforte method has been severely criticised by experts, although Schumann, Lenz, and Mendelssohn all expressed admiration of his playing. Henselt's great idea was to extend the stretch of the hands by playing widespread chords, and to train the fingers to work independently. Henselt was born in Bavaria, May 12th, 1814, and studied under various masters, including Hummel, the pupil of Mozart. As far back as 1838 he, however, settled in St. Petersburg, where he taught the Russian Imperial family, and for upwards of half a century held the post of chief of the Imperial Russian Musical Institutes. He composed a concerto, a pianoforte trio, and a large number of other works, but he will probably be recollected for his smaller pieces, such as the universally popular "Si oiseau j'étais," the "Wiegenlied," and his "Studies." His arrangements of Weber's overtures and operas, and of the duo in E flat for pianoforte and clarinet, and his editions of the same master's pianoforte works with *variantes*, are likewise highly esteemed.

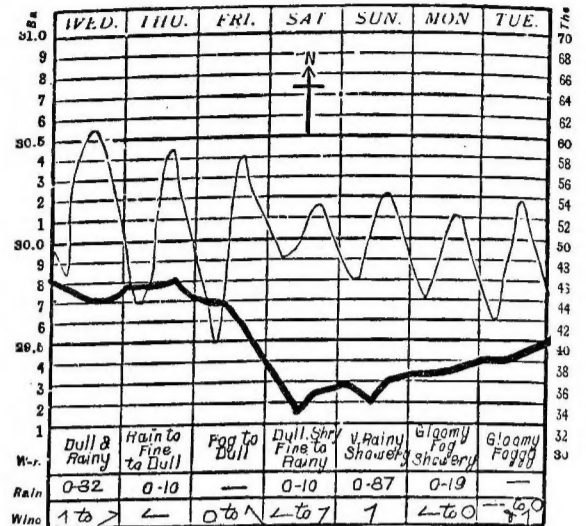
**MADAME PATTI'S FAREWELL.**—Madame Patti gave at the Albert Hall on Monday night the first of a series of three farewell concerts prior to her departure for the United States. Her last concert will be given on the 18th prox., and three days afterwards she will sail for America. Madame Patti on Monday, as usual, sang well-known songs, including "Ah, non Credea," and its pendant "Ah, non Giunge," from *Sonnambula*, the Gounod-Bach *Ave Maria* (Lady Hallé playing the violin part), and with Madame Patey the duet "Quis est Homo," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. She repeated the last two pieces, and for an *encore* for the *Sonnambula* selection sang "The Last Rose of Summer." That Madame Patti was in splendid voice goes almost without saying. Her lady auditors were, however, chiefly concerned about the magnificent diamonds she wore on her bodice and in her hair, which, from the jet black shade of old, has during her voyage from Buenos Ayres changed in hue to a delicate auburn.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Mr. George Robertson Sinclair has been appointed organist at Hereford Cathedral, and consequently conductor of the Festival. Mr. Sinclair was educated at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, under the care of Sir F. Gore Ouseley, and for some few years past he has been organist of Truro Cathedral.—It has been arranged that Mr. Blair, assistant conductor at Worcester, shall conduct the Festival there next year in place of the veteran Mr. Done.—A season of Wagnerian opera, with a German company, is said to be in contemplation at Her Majesty's Theatre next summer.—A subscription is being organised for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, who has recently been in ill-health.—Mr. Augustus Harris has resolved to revive at Covent Garden, next year, with Madame Scalchi in the chief part, Gluck's *Orfeo*, which has been performed only four times in London during the past half-century.—Madame Marie Marimon, the well-known *prima donna*,

has retired from the stage, and has started a vocal academy in Paris.—The Bohemian Musical Society, conducted by Messrs. J. Dalgely Henderson and Alfred Moore, will open its sixth season at the Crystal Palace, on Thursday evening next, with a Ladies' Concert.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1889.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (22nd inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of the past week has been very unsettled, rainy and occasionally rough in nearly all parts of the country. Thunder and lightning occurred in various places at the close of the week. Several depressions have appeared over our Islands in the course of the week. At the opening of the period a shallow system of low pressure, which had travelled Northward from the Bay of Biscay lay over the Channel and the South of England, while a fresh depression was found off our North-West Coasts. These disturbances caused dull rainy weather and moderate Southerly breezes in most places. During Thursday night (17th inst.) another depression (rather large and deep) advanced to the West of Ireland, and produced heavy rain in those regions, with slight South-Easterly gales in the South-West, while in the course of the 18th a secondary disturbance reached our South-Western Coasts, and as it subsequently moved Eastward across the South of England, occasioned South-Westerly and Westerly gales in the Channel. These systems were accompanied by heavy rain at many of the Irish Stations, and in the Channel. Towards the close of the week further disturbances advanced to the mouth of the Channel, and Easterly to North-Easterly breezes, with rainy and very gloomy weather prevailed over the greater part of the country. At the close of the period (Tuesday, 22nd inst.), a very heavy yellow gloom hung over the Metropolis. Temperature has not differed much from the normal anywhere, but on the whole was slightly above it. The highest daily readings have been rather above 60° once or twice in the South-East of England, while the lowest fell to a little below 35° at some inland stations.

The barometer was highest (29.82 inches) on Wednesday (16th inst.); lowest (29.15 inches) on Saturday (19th inst.); range 0.67 inch.

The temperature was highest (61°) on Wednesday (16th inst.); lowest (40°) on Friday (18th inst.); range 21°.

Rain fell on five days. Total fall 1.58 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.87 inch on Sunday (20th inst.).

# SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

The Best and Surest Remedy for Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST, LUNGS, and STOMACH.  
EXTRACT IN FAC-SIMILE FROM THE TESTIMONIAL RECEIVED FROM SIR MORELL MACKENZIE—

*I regard them as extremely valuable in Obsolete Catarrhal affections of the Throat. They are especially beneficial in catarrhal diseases of the air-passages, and I have frequently found them of great service in the case of Singers and Public Speakers.*  
2 September 1887  
Morell Mackenzie  
M.D. Lond.

The ONLY Remedy which has been awarded the HIGHEST POSSIBLE DISTINCTION by the JURY of MEDICAL EXPERTS at the



TRADE MARK.

BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1888.

TRADE MARK.



A FIRST-CLASS HOUSEHOLD REMEDY gained from the Salts of the Medical Springs of Bath Soden in the Tanus. They are NATURE'S OWN MEDICINE, not to be imitated by any production of Pharmacy or the Laboratory. They contain neither poisonous drugs or anodynes injurious to the constitution, and may therefore (to cite the words written by the celebrated PROFESSOR JUSTUS VON LIEBIG about the SODEN WATERS) be described by the Physician as a REMEDY fit for every organisation, the WEAK and THE IRRITABLE, as well as the STRONGEST. DR. HERMANN WEBER, Physician to the German Hospital, London, in his WORK on the CURATIVE EFFECTS OF BATHS AND WATERS, particularly recommends the Soden Mineral Waters, which are condensed in these Pastilles, in CASES OF BRONCHIAL CATARRH, even in those which are complicated with commencing consumption.

## THROAT IRRITATION AND HOARSENESS.

453, Brixton Road, S.W.  
November 9th, 1887.

Gentlemen—I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles in a case of Chronic Catarrh of the pharynx and larger respiratory tubes in an old lady with much benefit. I have also ordered them at the Brixton Dispensary.

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,  
T. PRESTON LEWIS, M.D., M.R.C.S.

4, Ludgate Circus Buildings, London.

December 31st, 1887.

Dear Sir,—As one who has undergone the operation of tracheotomy, allow me to bear testimony to the value of the Soden Mineral Pastilles, as they have given me wonderful relief. My advice, as one who has suffered with the throat a great deal, to those in any way so affected, is to give them a trial without delay.

Yours truly, J. HILL.

From THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RICHARDSON.  
I have tried the Soden Mineral Pastilles which you have sent me, and find them excellent. Most clergymen would find their pulpit work aided by the use of your lozenges, which clear the voice most remarkably.  
December 26th, 1887.

## BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

7, Lilybank Gardens, Hill Head, Glasgow.  
Dear Sir,—I have used the box of Soden Pastilles you sent me some time ago, and am favourably impressed with the result. The case was one of Chronic Bronchitis in an aged patient. There was a marked effect in assisting the solution of the cough expectoration. They seem also to have a generally tonic effect, my patient remarking on the assistance to digestion which they afforded.

Yours truly (Signed) ALEX. FREW.

Rose Cottage, Statham, Melton Mowbray.  
Gentlemen,—Your lozenges I received when I was suffering from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, and I have great pleasure in testifying to their great efficacy in the alleviation and removal of these troublesome affections. I shall have much pleasure in recommending them to my professional friends, as I have never had anything to relieve me so quickly.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) P. C. ARK, Surgeon, &c.,  
M.R.C.S., L.S.A., London.

January 18th, 1888.

Denby House, Bushey Park, Bristol.  
March 3rd, 1888.

Proprietors of the Soden Pastilles.  
Sir,—I have derived benefit from these Pastilles in the case of a severe attack of Bronchitis, and declare that I have never found such benefit from using only three boxes in any other lozenge that I have tried.

Your very faithful Servant,  
(Signed) H. Y. OSBORNE.

## COUGHS AND DIPHTHERIA.

Wicklow, Ireland.  
Dear Sirs,—Your Pastilles came to hand at the time I was suffering much indeed from Chronic Bronchitis and Severe Cough—a complaint I have had off and on for the last five years—and feel great pleasure in stating that I found them excellent. I only used six of the Pastilles, and immediately found relief. For the future I shall certainly use none but these.—Very truly yours,  
Nov. 15th, 1887.

ALLEN KEATING BOYCE,  
Ex-Surgeon Major.

Edwyn Ralph Rectory, Bromyard, Worcester.  
Dear Sirs,—I have used with the greatest success the Soden Mineral Pastilles. My little boy, aged six-and-a-half years, suffers much from swollen tonsils, which occasionally give rise to a most distressing cough, which is very exhausting. I found that your Pastilles gave him instantaneous relief.—I am, faithfully yours,  
December 24, 1887.

(Signed) E. L. CHILDE-FREEMAN.

Abercainry, Crief, N.B.  
January 30th, 1888.

Dear Sir,—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection with troublesome cough, and from what I have already experienced of the box which I had a week ago I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) F. HARDIE,

## CATARRHS OF THE LUNGS AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

34, Wilton Place, Belgrave Square,

March 2nd, 1888.

LORD KEANE has taken the Soden Mineral Pastilles when suffering from Catarrh of the Stomach. They completely cured him, and he can recommend them as the best Lozenge for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Catarrh of the Stomach.

16, Iron Market, Newcastle, Staff.  
December 30th, 1887.

Gentlemen,—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr. Hutton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles, which I have done, and am pleased to inform you that I have found great relief from the few I have taken.

Yours respectfully,  
(Signed) JOHN MEENEY.

18, Hampton Street, Birmingham.  
March 20th, 1888.

Gentlemen,—Having purchased your Soden Pastilles I at once obtained relief from a very serious catarrh. I also gave part of one dissolved in water to my child, three months old, allaying a very troublesome cough, and giving it ease and comfort. I shall most strongly recommend them to all my friends.

Yours very faithfully,  
(Signed) J. C. WHATELEY, D.D.S.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES are doubly valuable, inasmuch as they produce simultaneously the most favoured effects upon the organs of digestion. In catarrh of the stomach, hæmorrhoids, and habitual constipation they cause the healing and restoration of the diseased organs by reason of their exceedingly mild action.  
NOTICE.—We have had repeated complaints that unscrupulous traders have tried to palm on their customers the wrong article. Insist on getting the genuine article, called the SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES. Take no other. See each box has Dr. W. Stoelzing's signature and our trade mark (two globes, cross, and crescent). Price 1s. 1½d., or for 15 stamps, of SODEN MINERAL PRODUCE CO., LIMITED, 52, Bread Street, London, E.C.

# SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES



**SEALSKINS and FINE FURS,**  
**NICHOLAY & SON, 170, OXFORD STREET.**

THE  
**"LOUIS"**  
**VELVETEEN**

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS" and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn Circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most moderate prices.

HEALTH FOR ALL.  
**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**  
 THESE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.  
 Correct all Disorders of  
 THE LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, & BOWELS.  
 They are wonderfully Efficacious in Ailments  
 incidental to Females of all ages; and as a  
 General Family Medicine are Unsurpassed.

# Yes! Yes! Yes! SALT REGAL

Is the purest and ONLY Antiseptic Saline in the Market,  
 absolutely FREE from all injurious ingredients whatsoever.

Extract from A NORMAN TATE'S Report:  
 "There is an element in this compound not found in other compounded effervescent Salines that I have examined; and this is not only a novelty, but will, I have no doubt, add much to the efficacy of Salt Regal."  
 "The ingredients used are free from impurities and injurious substances and the results of their admixture is a very satisfactory preparation."  
 A. N. TATE, F.I.C., F.C.S., Analyst.

A supply of Salt Regal should be kept in Every Nursery, Every Bedroom, Every Family Medicine Cupboard, Every Hotel, Every Institution, and Every Traveller's Trunk—All the World Over.

Say NO, emphatically, to all old-fashioned worn-out Salines, and all Counterfeits of Salt Regal.

## BEETHAM'S CAPILLARY HAIR FLUID.

Free from lead, dye, and all poisons. Is unequalled for Preserving, Strengthening, and Beautifying the Hair. It effectually arrests falling out and greyness, strengthens when weak or fine, and wonderfully improves the growth. It imparts a rich gloss to hair of all shades, and keeps it in any desired form during exercise. N.B.—It is made in Three Shades: "Light," "Dark," and "Extra Dark," the last named being specially prepared to hide greyness when the hair has turned in patches, for which it is strongly recommended. It is not dye. Bottles, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., free for 3d. extra.  
 M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.



## STOP THE COUGH

BEFORE IT REACHES THE LUNGS

By taking a small Bottle of  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION.**

It will surely cure your cough at once, and, unlike ordinary cough remedies, will strengthen and build up your system.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is a skillful combination of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, and the potency of these two great remedies has been increased threefold by their ingenious combination into this palatable Emulsion.

SCOTT'S EMULSION will cure Consumption in its early stages without fail, and will surely relieve in the later stages and greatly prolong life.

FOR SICKLY WASTING CHILDREN AND FOR EMACIATION, it will increase flesh and strength when all other remedies have failed.

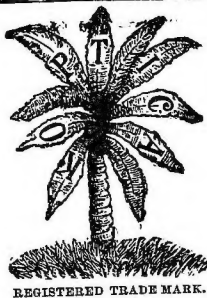
SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is palatable, and three times as effective as the plain oil.

Physicians prescribe it in preference to the plain oil, and admit its superiority.

All Chemists at 2/6 and 4/6.

**KOPTICA**  
 CURES  
 RHEUMATISM

**KOPTICA**  
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**KOPTICA**  
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**KOPTICA**  
 CURES  
 NEURALGIA

An INTERNAL REMEDY for INTERNAL COMPLAINTS.

**KOPTICA** the famous Persian Herbal Extract, an infallible curative specific for RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, FACEACHE, CRAMP, TIC-DOLOREUX, BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN, SCURVY SORES, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. INVINCIBLE IN RHEUMATIC FEVER. The only absolute and permanent cure ever yet discovered for these distressing ailments, because it eradicates the CAUSE, and does not merely tinker with the EFFECT, as all "external remedies" do.

## KOPTICA

IS MARVELLOUSLY EFFICACIOUS IN ALL  
 CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

READ. READ. READ.

Mr. SAMUEL FRENCH, the well-known dramatic publisher, writes:—  
 "To the Proprietors of KOPTICA.—Gentlemen.—About three years ago I was attacked with RHEUMATISM in my left knee so severely that it was with great difficulty I could attend to my business; my family doctor attended me for some time, but without affording me any relief. I then consulted an eminent specialist in Harley-street, and was under treatment for some time. I spared no expense to obtain relief, because, independent of the pain I suffered, I was totally inconvenienced, and yet, after spending several pounds on doctors' fees and expenses, I found myself no better, but much reduced in strength by the treatment I had undergone. I therefore concluded that I was fated to be a long-term sufferer, and had so made up my mind, when an old friend who had tried KOPTICA, and knew its value, strongly advised me to try it. I was, as you may imagine, rather sceptical that such a simple nostrum, costing a mere trifle, could do for me what clever doctors and expensive treatment had failed to do; but my friend's faith was so strong that I was induced to purchase a bottle of KOPTICA, and commenced to take it in accordance with the directions. I did so much in the same spirit that a drowning man grasps at a straw, but feeling sure, from what my friend told me, that it could not do me any harm should it fail to relieve me. Judge then my surprise and gratitude when I found that within three days I was entirely free from pain, and have not since had a return. I was, of course, delighted, and lost no time in spreading the news amongst my own circle. I only suffered from Neuralgia; I sent her a bottle of KOPTICA, and when she met her her face was radiant with joy at the relief it had afforded her. Another friend, a gentleman, suffered from Rheumatism, and I sent him a bottle, with a similar result. I could enumerate quite a dozen similar instances, with my own knowledge, besides many cases that I have heard of from others. With regard to myself, my knee has been entirely free since the time I refer to—more than three years since; I felt a slight symptom in one of the toes of my right foot about three months ago, but a few doses of KOPTICA soon set that right, and I am now as active and energetic as a man of my age could expect to be. The experience I have endeavored to describe has quite convinced me that KOPTICA is a thoroughly genuine and reliable remedy, at all events for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and kindred complaints."

## KOPTICA

is an internal remedy for internal complaints; and by its wonderful solvent properties, disperses and eradicates the morbid conditions from which such diseases spring, scientifically combating the cause, while the numberless "Ointments," "Lotions," "Salves," "Embrocations," and "Oils" upon which the uneducated public waste their money only tinker with the effect, without doing any material or permanent good.

**KOPTICA.** If you are suffering from any of the above ailments, send at once to your nearest Chemist for a bottle. It will afford you SPEEDY RELIEF. IT NEVER FAILS; and the trifling expenditure of 1s. 1½d. will save you vast sums which would otherwise go to enrich the doctors. If your Chemist has not got KOPTICA in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; but if you have any difficulty, you had better send us the stamps for the amount, with 2d. extra for postage, and we will send you the sample bottle by return. KOPTICA is also put up in larger parcels, for family use, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, these containing respectively four times and six times the smaller quantity. Send at once to your Chemist for a sample, or make a note of the address of the Sole Proprietors,  
**"KOPTICA CURE," 392, Strand, London, W.C.**

THE PUREST, BEST, AND SAFEST CURE.

**KOPTICA** is guaranteed free from Strychnine, Arsenic, Colchicum, Belladonna, Henbane, Aconite, and all other injurious drugs, and can, therefore, be taken by the most delicate with the greatest confidence that it is thoroughly harmless. Severe attacks of FACIAL NEURALGIA have been permanently cured within twenty-four hours, while the most inveterate cases of RHEUMATIC GOUT invariably give way to a very short treatment. Also in DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and other serious maladies it has proved most successful. KOPTICA has a pleasant taste, is easy to take, causes no derangement of the digestive or other organs, and no alteration in diet is necessary.

## KOPTICA

SPEEDILY ERADICATES RHEUMATIC GOUT.

READ. READ. READ.

A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATIC GOUT.

"For some years past I have been a sufferer from Rheumatic Gout. About three weeks ago I had a very severe attack. I tried all the usual remedies without any good result. My son, Mr. C. H. Fox, of 25, Russell-street, Covent-garden, gave me a bottle of your KOPTICA, which I may say has acted like a charm. In forty-eight hours I was free from all pain. I am very grateful to you for this, and think I am only doing my duty by writing and letting you know.—Faithfully yours,  
 "CHARLOTTE FOX."

A gentleman sent a bottle of KOPTICA to a friend in California, and received the following characteristic acknowledgment, which he forwards us for publication.

"Los Angeles Santa Clara Co., California; April 28, 1889.  
 "Brother S.—Yours with KOPTICA came to hand in due time, and KOPTICA was received with much doubt and scepticism; but, as the 'tism' caught me in a few days, and it had come so far, I thought I would give it a chance, and did so—double doses at a time—and for some cause in two days was on deck. A few days after it came again, and I at once told KOPTICA to sail in, and experienced immediate relief. To-day it is on the other (left) side, and in milder form, and if 'K' knocks it over the ropes again, I shall be ready to present the belt and shout 'Long Live KOPTICA.'"  
 "YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

Subsequently the same correspondent writes:—

"Los Angeles; May 6, 1889.  
 "Hurrah for KOPTICA! I am more limber than I have been for many a year. If I could reduce my waist ten or twenty inches, I would be ready to run in or after a foot race with anyone."  
 "YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

### THESE ARE THE SORT OF LETTERS WE RECEIVE DAILY.

#### "SPLENDID REMEDY."

7, Newhall-street, Birmingham;  
 May 20, 1889.

"Mr. Boardman will thank you to kindly send some KOPTICA to Miss Alice Fairman, 61, Brighton-road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. Stamps enclosed. This makes the third bottle sent through me in a week—SPLENDID REMEDY."

#### "WANTS ANOTHER BOTTLE."

"Heathland-road, near Leighton Buzzard, Beds;  
 June 4, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—Will you please forward me another bottle of your excellent medicine, KOPTICA? I am pleased to say my wife, after being laid up for three weeks, was able yesterday to walk up the garden without the help of anyone—the result of one bottle of your KOPTICA. Please send by return of post, as the other is nearly gone.—Yours truly,  
 "JAMES FOSSEY."

#### "MARVELLOUS EFFECT."

"St. John's Church, Grove-street, London, E.;

August 12, 1889.

"Gentlemen.—I am happy to inform you that the bottles of KOPTICA which you kindly presented to me for the sick poor of this parish have been used with the best effect, in one instance with quite a marvellous effect: the patient, suffering from neuralgia, very soon enjoyed his first night's rest for months, and was completely relieved.—I am, yours faithfully,  
 "DANIEL RADFORD."

#### "AFTER TEN YEARS' PAIN AND MISERY."

"144, College-road, Stratford;

Sept. 30, 1889.

"Gentlemen.—Your remedy KOPTICA has proved a blessing to me, and no doubt will to numerous others. I have given it a month's trial, after ten years of pain and misery, brought about by kidney and liver troubles, the poison settling in my limbs. All other advertised remedies of no avail.—Yours respectfully,  
 "MCCAUSLAND."

We have said enough to show that KOPTICA must not be confounded with the many bogus nostrums which are a cruel imposition upon the public, but that it is a genuine remedy which ought to be in every household for use when required; for it is without doubt the best and most reliable medicine of the age for the diseases named.

Ask your Chemist for KOPTICA, and if he has not got it in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; if not, send stamps, and 2d. extra for postage, to the Sole Proprietors.

**"KOPTICA CURE," 392, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.**

